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Grand Strategy in the Balkans

The moment when Hitler decided to send an army into Bulgaria was the moment when he discovered he could do so without armed opposition from Turkey, the Soviet Union or the Bulgars themselves—whose decision undoubtedly depended largely on that of the other two. The same considerations will probably rule what happens in Greece. Hitler would like to dominate Greece, if he could, by dictating a peace with Italy. But it is likely that he would not wish to risk a serious conflict such as would result from an invasion strongly resisted by Greece, backed by Turkey and Britain, unless he had given up any intention to invade Britain this spring. Not to engage in major hostilities on two fronts at once has been the cardinal rule of the German General Staff so far in this war, and there is little reason to suppose it has been abandoned when the area which must be patrolled by Germany is greater than ever.

These considerations pose a pretty problem for Britain and Turkey. They fear that Hitler is trying to draw a maximum of British strength to the Mediterranean. If they respond too strongly to the threat against Greece, they may prevent Hitler from invading it at the cost of losing the war in Britain. If they respond too weakly, Hitler may gain another bloodless victory. What they would undoubtedly like to do is to create the two fronts which he fears. The next best policy, if this is impossible, would be to exhibit enough strength to hold him at bay at the Greek frontier until after the battle of Britain, without sacrificing anything needed in that test. Whether they can do this we have no idea. If they can, they may be able later to establish

an Eastern front by taking the offensive, when the American potential of war industry is approaching its peak.

Stalin Is Properly Shocked

The Soviet Union's announcement that it disapproves Bulgaria's action in allowing the entrance of German troops is like the sniff of an offended old maid. We may be sure that the Soviet Foreign Office knew such action was imminent, as all the rest of the world did. If Moscow had informed Berlin of its attitude before the border was crossed, and had threatened unpleasant consequences, the German army might never have moved from Rumania. A firm pledge of assistance to Sofia might have led the Bulgars to decline the RSVP of the Axis. The Kremlin, to be sure, announced several weeks ago that neither party had consulted it in the matter, but since when has the Soviet government been so coy as to refrain from expressing itself without solicitation?

The only possible inference is that Stalin, who usually scorns words without deeds, did not dare try to prevent what he says he dislikes. He will oppose Nazi advance in the Middle East as far as he can without fighting, but not a step farther. Why, then, the present announcement? It may be a cautious ruffling of feathers as a hint that an offer of Rumanian territory would be a fitting gesture of conciliation. Or it may be an oblique signal that if Turkey wishes to block Hitler's advance into Greece, Moscow will not lift its finger in admonition. Hitler might have fought anybody who stood in his way on the Danube, but he will scarcely fight Russia for failing to act against Turkey.

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Employer Trouble in Defense Industries

The quickly settled strike at the Lackawanna plant of Bethlehem Steel, and the strikes officially threatened at the Ford establishments through the thirty-day notification by the union required under Michigan law, are examples not of labor trouble but of employer trouble. Bethlehem and Ford have long and deliberately violated the National Labor Relations Act by discouraging unionization and refusing to engage in collective bargaining. They have repeatedly been ordered by the National Labor Board to desist from these practices or to reinstate men discharged in violation of the act, and have refused to do so without a Supreme Court decision. This court has almost invariably supported the Board in the cases on which it has rendered judgments. An employer who will not negotiate with a union bears sole responsibility for whatever interruption of production is caused by a dispute in his plant—in addition to being a law-breaker.

The quick settlement of the Bethlehem strike, by intervention of the Defense Commission, proves that the strike could have been wholly avoided if Bethlehem had been willing earlier to be reasonable and obey the law. We hope that trouble at the Ford factories will be prevented by similar means. There are other stiff-necked employers in Little Steel and elsewhere, who must be brought into line before we can even begin to talk about new legislation to ban strikes.

Not So Much Labor Trouble

There are today many fewer strikes, and far fewer days lost by strikes, than during the last world war or in a "normal" year like 1937. The pressure for drastic legislation from the public and in Congress arises largely because now every strike becomes a headline, and headlines exaggerate the prevalence of difficulty. The responsible heads of all national unions have voluntarily pledged to give the National Defense Advisory Commission thirty-day notices of intent to strike, and there is ample conciliation machinery available, which has peaceably adjusted 95 percent of the disputes which have arisen. Some of the strikes—such as that at Allis-Chalmers—are unauthorized and condemned by the union organizations exercising jurisdiction. Laws cannot prevent such spontaneous or outlaw strikes, unless we wish to decree forced labor and hold a bayonet behind every worker. The only way to prevent them is to strengthen the unions themselves so that they can enforce discipline among their memberships, and the only way to do that is to see that workers enjoy enough reasonable gains through their organizations so that popular revolts are unlikely.

Of course, the existence of collective bargaining and disciplined unions does not entirely obviate the danger. Negotiations now proceeding in the major steel industry and in the coal industry, may, for instance, result

in deadlocks. But unions cannot bargain successfully unless they are free to withhold their labor if an agreement cannot be made. With this power assured, however, responsible leaders will be almost certain to sanction mediation or arbitration if worst comes to worst. Alarmists who cry for stern measures are not rendering a service to industrial peace. Labor's coöperation is essential to defense; in the absence of that coöperation, an attempt to apply compulsion would be disastrous.

Axis Needs Grease

Japan, at the Eastern end of the Axis, is creaking with friction in her southern drive. Her offer to mediate in Europe, apparently made as a cover to mask with peaceful aspect her "mediation" between the French and Thailand, was rebuked by the Germans and rejected by the British, neither of whom apparently desires the kind of mediation that would be rewarded by naval and economic concessions to the mediator. Indo-China, however, influenced by the supine attitude of Vichy, seemed about to make terms after a show of resistance. Thailand will gain at least part of her demands; what recompense Japan will obtain for her services is uncertain. One influence that may be holding her back, aside from firmness on the part of the British, Dutch and Americans, is the reported unwillingness of the Soviet government to sign a non-aggression pact with Japan unless the latter restores the Chinese Eastern Railway and territorial winnings of the Russo-Japanese war.

Meanwhile Laughlin Currie, the President's confidential assistant, is on his way back to Washington after having given financial advice to Chiang Kai-shek, presumably about the dangerous inflation which now is in progress. And China is consulting with Burma to strengthen the route for supplies over the Burma Road.

Calling General Franco

While Germany is at work in the Balkans and Japan threatening in the Far East, Mussolini has been keeping his end up with a job that requires no military brilliance and involves no danger to himself. He has been dunning General Franco; shoving under his nose a bill for the services rendered in the Spanish war which Mussolini at the time swore were privately volunteered. The bill totals five and a half billion lire—about three hundred million dollars at current rates—and covers military assistance ranging from 763 airplanes to material spent in inflicting losses upon "hostile" shipping.

Like so many bills, this one was probably not sent out in the hope of receiving payment, even in annual instalments. General Franco, as Mussolini knows, is not in a position to send huge quantities of money, or its equivalent in foodstuffs, to fellow Fascists abroad. He has, of course, certain minerals, but probably they

are already in hock. The chief purpose of the bill, perhaps, is to serve as a reminder to the General that he has obligations which must not be forgotten. It may even be just a note for the record; something that Mussolini and Hitler can use as a pretext for action in the future if Franco is lukewarm in supporting Axis plans for expansion in his direction.

The President and War Aims

We commented last week on a report from London that Harry Hopkins had assured Mr. Churchill that a statement of war aims was unnecessary, and desired in America only by "a few intellectuals." We said we hoped that Mr. Hopkins' blanket statement was not made in the name of the administration. Now the President himself has come forward with a statement that has been widely interpreted as agreeing with Mr. Hopkins'.

At his press conference on February 25, when asked if Mr. Winant was taking any peace-plans to England, the President waved aside the question with the response that he thought the first problem was to win the war. Reporters concluded from his remarks that he was in sympathy with Mr. Churchill's own determination to leave war aims in abeyance.

Nothing, it seems to us, could be more unfortunate than for the general public to get the impression of the existence of a comfortable understanding between the heads of the two principal democracies that plans for peace can be stated only when the fighting is over. Such plans are essentially a part of the war itself; they are the signpost directing the hopes and efforts of men not only in England and America but in the occupied territories as well. A rough plan for the post-war years—it would not have to be, and could not be, detailed—might well turn out to be an incomparable appeal to democratic morale, an aim that would intensify the desire for victory rather than dissipate it. So long as it is not forthcoming, the hand of isolationists and Nazi propagandists is strengthened enormously. We do not believe that the President has any illusions on this score, and would prefer to think that his reply to the reporters was no more than the evasion of a delicate question about his envoy.

News Notes of a Week

An interrogation point was the most used punctuation mark on the teletype flashes from the war areas. German mechanized forces had a brush with Wavell's scouts in North Africa. Sicily is supposedly full of Germans, but how many of them have landed dry on the shores of Libya? . . . British forces took over the Dodecanese island of Castellorizzo, near the coast of Turkey, but stayed only a couple of days. The British navy mined, or said it had mined, a great rectangle of water between North Africa and Italy. Is General Wavell's Army of the Nile beyond the minefield on

the way to Greece? . . . There was no question that the British were moving fast in East Africa—370 miles in one month, reaching and capturing Mogadiscio, capital of Italian Somaliland, the chief Red Sea port held by the men who lift their palms to Signor Gayda's boss. . . . And there was no doubt that the Dutch hate the boss who gives orders to Mussolini and are risking their lives to show it. Likewise the Norwegians. . . . Alfonso XIII, once a king, died of heart disease in a hotel in Rome.

The SEC released a 447-page report on its study of American life-insurance companies. See "Whose Insurance Companies?" The New Republic, December 30, 1940. . . . In Washington Mrs. Dilling (who put us in her "Red Network") and a group of "mothers" fighting the lease-lend bill—the group drummed up in part by Social Justice magazine—came up against Senator Glass. Mrs. Dilling and her friends reportedly sat on the corridor floor and howled. The Senator hoped that for the sake of the race they weren't mothers.

Democracy and Filibuster

IT IS TRAGIC that the fate of America and perhaps of the world that we have cherished should today be partly dependent upon the will and tactics of a minority of the American Senate. Two things have emerged clearly in the past week with respect to that group. First, that they mean to use the filibuster as long as they can, in playing God with our destinies. And second, that when confronted by the question of what their alternative is to an American-aided British victory, they make it clear that they have not gone beyond the negative view typical of the filibuster.

Ours is a world of many incongruities. But surely the most incongruous must be the spectacle of the American Senate continuing its protracted debate on the lease-lend bill while the Nazis are making swift diplomatic and military moves in the Near East that may go far to determine the outcome of the war. Senator Wheeler held the floor last week almost continuously for several days with a prepared speech. The opposition to the bill has drafted a whole series of amendments, most of which have not the slightest chance of passage and the purpose of which can only be to obstruct the bill and whittle away the resistance of its supporters. What Senator Wheeler and his allies are carrying on has been described as a "gentlemen's filibuster." But whether you use the qualifying noun or leave it crudely out, the result is the same. American opinion would not tolerate an open filibuster of this bill, of the sort that Huey Long made famous by his readings from the Bible and his recipes for mint juleps. And yet the subtler method of indefinite debate and obstructive amendment plays just as surely into the hands of the Nazi war lords

We want to make it clear first of all that we believe in debate as a means of clarifying issues and formulating policies. The alternative to public opinion formed by debate is public opinion formed by the concentration camp. But the fact is that the Great Debate on the war and American policy toward it has already been held. It has been carried on now for almost a year, since the Nazi invasion of Norway and the Low Countries made clear the character and methods of the war and the American stake in it. It has been conducted in Congress, in the press and on the radio, in lecture forums and colleges, in cross-roads stores and at filling stations. It was carried on during the pre-convention campaigns and in the election campaign.

The people have decided overwhelmingly that they want speedy and effective aid for Britain, China, Greece and all other opponents of the Nazi thrust. The most recent Gallup poll shows that in every section of the country, including the Midwest area that has been the isolationist stronghold, the sentiment for passing the lease-lend bill is overwhelming as compared with the sentiment for defeating it. In the South the opinion is 73 percent for the bill, 9 percent against it, 6 percent for it with qualifications, 12 percent undecided. Even in the East Central states 50 percent are for the bill, 24 percent against it, 11 percent for it with qualifications and 15 percent undecided. And it is significant that another Gallup poll shows that Mr. Willkie's prestige with the voters has been strengthened rather than weakened since his forthright stand on the bill.

The people, then, have spoken. But Mr. Wheeler and his confederates continue to speak, and thus keep the people from acting to carry out their decision. We ask whether this is democracy. Mr. Wheeler says that he still hopes to sway public opinion. He has had a year and a half since the outbreak of the war and a year since the blitzkrieg. No one denies him the right to continue his campaign against aid to Britain. What we do challenge is his right by protracted debate to hold up action now, in pursuance of the policy of the majority.

For it is clearly a question of majority rule against minority obstruction. Democracy means two things: it means a set of ends or values, and it means a set of methods. Viewed as a method, democracy means that the majority will must prevail, but not until the minority has been allowed a reasonable chance to express itself in the competition of ideas. The Senate rules provide for unlimited debate mainly in order to give the minority that chance. But Hitler and his blitzkrieg methods do not wait until every last Senator has become exhausted. The time has come for a vigorous Senate leadership to invoke the cloture rule, and for the nation as a whole to act before it is too late. We shall never know what a difference it might have made in the whole Near Eastern situation if the lease-lend

bill had been passed ten days ago. Leland Stowe has been telling the American people in a remarkable series of articles the extent to which all remaining anti-Nazi populations are heartened by the possibility of American help. But the spectacle of our delay surely did us no good in the context of the decisions that have had to be made by Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Russia.

If the opposition had something new to add to their now traditional cries of "war" and "dictatorship," we should be eager to hear them. But when Senator Wheeler makes an effort to grapple with the problem of post-war organization, what does he come out with? Here are his words: "A peace not dictated by Germany, not dictated by any other country, but dictated by the United States of America, a peace that will give the ordinary men and women of Europe and England and throughout the world an opportunity to earn a decent living."

If this were not intended as a serious proposal, it would scarcely warrant comment. Do Senators today, like the Supreme Court Justices once, feel it necessary to maintain a decent ignorance of what is going on in the world outside? Does Senator Wheeler seriously expect us to believe that without a Nazi defeat a peace dictated by the United States is possible? Some months ago the Senator suggested that Mr. Roosevelt explore the possibility of a negotiated peace in which Germany would strip herself of most of her conquests and be restored roughly to her pre-war position. To maintain the possibility of that is to confess ignorance of everything we have learned about Nazi ambitions and aims, Hitler's mentality and the internal drives of the Nazi economic system.

But even more important is another implication of Senator Wheeler's statement. For a long time the isolationist and appeasement groups have been saying that American intervention means playing God with the world's destiny, that America cannot undertake to police and reorganize the world. And here is Senator Wheeler now proposing exactly such a role of God armed with a policeman's club. For us to dictate peace and to promise a decent living to men and women all over the world would be a big enough task under any conditions. But for us to talk about it while Nazi power and prestige are dominant, and without offering any program for defeating them, is both provincial and irresponsible. Senator Wheeler talks as if all we had to do to stabilize this frenetic world were, like the perspiring Lord in "The Green Pastures," to raise our hand and say, "Let it be a little cooler."

Such an attitude is not surprising. It is part of the negativism and confusion of the whole isolationist position. It is part of the outlook of those who feel that they have done their duty to democracy when they have obstructed it by protracted debate and filibuster.

The Crusade Against Rugg

THE TEXTBOOKS of Harold Rugg, professor at Teachers' College, Columbia University, were inevitably among those singled out by Mr. Robey in his report to the NAM. Not that they needed to be brought to the NAM's attention; Rugg has been hunted by defenders of "American" education for years. By considering the story of the crusade against him we see what such groups as the NAM really have in mind when they decide to go into action.

Dr. Rugg's textbooks have sold 2,000,000 copies and are used in 4,000 schools. Why they have been the object of a continuous attack is best summed up in the words of an indignant member of the Daughters of Colonial Wars. The books, she said, "tried to give the child an unbiased viewpoint instead of teaching him real Americanism."

Most of the attacks on Rugg have come from two states, New York and New Jersey, where the books have been banned, and even publicly burned, in a number of communities. This alone suggests that the outcry against him is in no way a popular demonstration against his teachings. In fact there is evidence that some half-dozen familiar witch-hunters are responsible for the campaign. No better argument for the books can be found than to name a few of their main enemies.

Merwin K. Hart, "Public Education Enemy No. 1," has attacked Rugg in pamphlets and letters to his personally organized New York State Economic Council and before local clubs. B. C. Forbes, Hearst and King Syndicate columnist, has done so in his column and in Forbes Magazine. Forbes is a member of the Englewood, New Jersey, board of education and has tried, unsuccessfully, to oust Rugg's books from Englewood schools. A. J. Falk, director of the bureau of research and education of the Advertising Federation of America, has sent pamphlets and letters to several thousand members of the Federation and encouraged them to reprint this material wherever possible. A retired officer, Major A. G. Rudd, has also had anti-Rugg writings circulating in the Hearst press. E. H. West, business executive, has been active in using an American Legion post for anti-Rugg propaganda and has tried to persuade the Dies Committee to take up the matter. More recently the NAM—through its employed publicity man, George Sokolsky—has helped stimulate "investigations" of Rugg books and urged their ousting from schools.

What do these people and others who think like them see dangerous in Rugg? What is his peculiar brand of poison? The answer is best given in the charges of some of the more prominent Rugg haters.

As far back as 1933 Rugg spoke at one of the meetings of Mrs. Ogden Reid's Herald Tribune annual conference. His subject was "Youth and the World,"

and he described youth movements in the various European countries including remarks on the current Russian movement. He did not praise the latter, but The Daily Worker lifted some of his words from their context and printed them. These words have had far-reaching effects. Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling seized on them for her "Red Network" and included Rugg—along with John Dewey, Eleanor Roosevelt and Jane Addams—in the "honor roll" of the Red Network. Her action has been invaluable to Rugg haters, who have quoted her animadversions on Rugg continually since then.

A more recent example is that of Tom Hutton, editor of The Binghampton (New York) Press, Rugg's chief enemy in that district and a collaborator of Merwin Hart's. In an editorial Hutton quotes Rugg as of a convention of the Progressive Education Association:

... [He] stated that efforts would be made to organize 14,000,000 persons into a pressure group to force more radical changes in the economic system within three months. He said funds were forthcoming, but would refuse to reveal the source. He outlined the plan—to include a central planning agency, probably in New York—to tie together thousands of groups of citizens who believe that the capitalist system should come to an end.

The editorial concludes:

In view of which it seems unnecessary to repeat that obviously the works of Dr. Harold Rugg have little place as textbooks in the schools of a democracy.

Hutton states that this address is to be found in the report of a special congressional committee inquiring into Communist activities. There is as yet no evidence that such a report exists: Rugg holds that nowhere does the editorial quote a single statement of his. Yet Hutton's editorial has been used in the same manner as Mrs. Dilling's contextless inclusions in "The Red Network," and his words repeated by Rudd, Major General Fries, Legionnaire West and other Hart mouthpieces in a number of publications.

The quotation without context is unquestionably the most popular weapon of the Hart groups. One popular example is from a Rugg textbook discussing the framing of the Constitution. Contempt for the Founding Fathers is found in the statement: "The merchants, landowners, manufacturers, shippers and bankers were given what they wanted. . . ." Ignored is the remainder of the sentence: ". . . namely, a government which would stabilize the money and trade, keep order within the country and defend the nation against foreign enemies."

George Sokolsky has made full use of this method. By skipping lightly from passage to passage and book to book he sums up Rugg as saying: "The Constitution is a rich man's document. To hell with it."

A letter protesting the removal of the Rugg books from Binghampton schools was signed by 150 promi-

nent Americans, including Fannie Hurst, Max Lerner, Emil Lengyel, Franz Boas, Alexander Meiklejohn, George Seldes, Van Wyck Brooks and Ruth Benedict. The books have received the warm support of John Dewey, John L. Childs and numerous other educators. Beside these supporters, the names of such opponents as Hart, Rudd, Falk, West, Sokolsky and Dilling have a hollow ring in the ears of intelligent citizens.

Strength in the Air

AN ARTICLE by the air correspondent of The (London) Sunday Times, reprinted here on February 12 in *Bulletins from Britain*, contains a highly interesting survey of the respective strengths of the RAF and the Luftwaffe. It is virtually impossible to check the accuracy of the figures given, so we pass them on without comment.

The correspondent describes as "nonsensical" the estimates placing German air strength at 70,000 planes. He places it at an "absolute total" of 40,000, of which 18,000 are combat planes "and the number available for full operation at any given time is about 9,000." This operational strength he bases on a breakdown of the total force into five sections: six air fleets, an independent air unit, a naval air service, operational training and transport organization. The lowness of the absolute total he attributes to German losses of nearly 24,000 machines since the war began. These losses consisted of 6,000 "confirmed" RAF victories, and twice as many machines put out of service by accidents and unrecorded victories. Training losses—"usually estimated at 15 percent per month"—are similarly deductible. German production, which he estimates at about 1,600 first-line planes, or 2,300 of all types, per month, has gone almost entirely to replace the numbers lost.

Considering RAF strength on the same basis, he puts British losses at 5,500 planes, but gives no estimate of total strength apart from saying that "the RAF has more machines than ever before."

These are nice-sounding figures which, to the best of our knowledge, have not been subject to the comment of experts in this country. In fact, the only comment to have come our way is a UP dispatch from Moscow, quoting the Soviet army organ, Red Star. "The author," says Red Star, "minimized British losses and exaggerated German losses." But it concludes: "He somewhat exaggerated the size of the German air force."

Much the same optimistic spirit is shown by the air correspondent of The (London) Spectator. This author emphasizes that the winter has been used by the Luftwaffe primarily to ensure that "the main force has been nursed back into something like its previous order. Only two of six air fleets have been in constant action

against England in that time." Now, "more intensive operations" will begin—"a new phase in the air . . . as distinctive . . . as the phase which ended with the collapse of France."

One of the activities of this new phase is expected to be the efforts of the Luftwaffe to make its forces do duty for a powerful navy—as opposed to its earlier function as a spearhead for German ground troops. Big, four-motor bombers with a 2,000-mile range, stationed at Bordeaux, are already at work, enforcing a counter blockade that carries them far over the Atlantic, round the north of Scotland to a landing in Norway. In the Mediterranean the activities of the dive-bombers in the Straits of Sicily herald stronger efforts to strangle the British offensive in the Near East. But both the Atlantic and Mediterranean operations, the writer concludes, are "only diversions while the main attack is prepared," "when Germany will fling her whole power in an effort to end the war by early summer."

To meet this, Britain is well prepared, he believes. The bomber command is more capable of attacking German bases in occupied territory and is assured of stronger fighter escorts for nearby day raids. Both the Hurricane and Spitfire have been improved "with . . . more powerful power plants and armament," and shell-firing cannon to offset the German advantage of heavier armor plate. The new fighters, the Hawker Tornado ("developed from the Hurricane, but with nearly twice the power") and the Westland Whirlwind, are likely to repeat the superiority of fighter quality which their predecessors established over the earlier German models. The new Short-Stirling bomber is nearly twice the size of the Wellington, which bore the brunt of night-bombing in the winter. With the Empire Training Scheme for pilots in full swing, English production "soaring despite . . . the enemy" and the American arsenal moving into line behind, the correspondent concludes that this summer "should hold in store a still greater reverse for the Luftwaffe than the decisive defeat it suffered last summer."

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Britain Can Win

WHAT is likely to happen in the European war during the next few weeks and months? No one, of course, can give a complete answer; it is not only quantities of material that matter, but imponderables such as the morale of troops and populations. Nevertheless it is possible to ask a few fundamental questions, and to attempt to answer them in the light of our present knowledge.

1. *What, on the whole, is Great Britain's chance of surviving an immediate invasion if one is attempted?*

Britain is in a better strategic position than was France in May, 1940. Important though Germany's production of new material may have been, it is improbable that she has repeated the material superiority she had over France one year ago. Besides, German losses during the crossing of the Channel would be so enormous that respective armaments would be equalized. We must assume, however, that Germany would be able to establish one or more bridgeheads on British soil, where British defenses were weak and where German paralyzing gases or liquid poisons (which are expected to hamper the coastal guards and especially the anti-aircraft and anti-tank crews) proved to be effective. But even if a German bridgehead could be established, theoretically the British should be able to cut the German supply-lines and overwhelm the troops landed.

If the British General Staff is no better than it was in May, 1940, then the odds are against British survival. Churchill's World War experience with over-orthodox military leaders may be considered something of a guarantee that he realizes this problem, and he has, in fact, dismissed all generals with "traditional" ideas. The present quite unorthodox Libyan campaign is good proof that he has utilized his military leaders better than his predecessors did. On the whole, Britain's chances to resist German invasion are good.

2. *What will be the probable outcome of the intensified German submarine and aerial campaign against British merchant shipping (as soon as the winter weather has cleared)?*

Blockade in its most stringent form would result from a successful invasion of Ireland. The greatest danger of even a partial invasion of England lies in the possibility that Germany might at the same time bid for a foothold in the western island. If all British reserves were drawn into the battle of Britain, even a small German force would be sufficient to occupy Ireland. Or the Germans might devote their entire forces to this attempt, with the British believing the Irish attack to be merely a feint. Then the fate of Ireland would be decided in a war of movement. With

an Irish foothold, a second German invasion attempt against England would be greatly facilitated. But even without that, the German blockade could be effective unless the British navy succeeded in cutting the communications of the occupying force immediately. In other words, despite failure to invade England, Britain probably would lose the war if Germany held Ireland.

Even without the occupation of Ireland, the German blockade is bound to become a real threat this spring—but not a catastrophe so long as Britain maintains Irish neutrality. If American war production is properly increased, lost material can be replaced. If the construction of merchant ships is speeded up, the ratio of loss of merchant shipping will decrease. The blockade threat can be effectively removed by building more corvettes (lightly armored, small units, faster than submarines, easy to build and carrying anti-submarine armament) and destroyers and by increasing long-range patrolling. Once these ships are available, British supply will be definitely assured. At this point it must be emphasized that Germany's success in counter-blockade, with all naval bases between Narvik and Bordeaux in her hands, has thus far been much less than could reasonably have been expected.

3. *If Italy were to capitulate, how serious a menace would this be to Germany's hope of ultimate victory?*

So long as Germany is not materially exhausted, this would be chiefly a blow to morale, but one of prime importance even though it would not mean an immediate and decisive German defeat. The blow would be less serious for Germany than was the downfall of France for England. The situation would be different if, for political reasons, Hitler were obliged to occupy northern Italy. Even in such an eventuality his war-potential would not decrease substantially. A British victory over Italy would strengthen the English materially as well as morally and would have most favorable repercussions in all other European countries, especially France.

If an Italian breakdown coincided with the failure of a German attempt to invade Britain or with an acute exhaustion in Germany, then, of course, its consequences might be far-reaching, as were those of Bulgaria's and Austria's collapse in 1918, and it might foreshadow a definitive German defeat. However, it is most improbable that Italy will break down without previously being invaded by the British. Hopes for revolution before a clear-cut military defeat are usually vain. Military defeats on the periphery are not decisive and cannot be expected to generate revolution. Unless the British hold Sicily or Naples or southern Italy, no decision will be reached. Obviously, an inva-

sion of Italy will prove to be more feasible than an invasion of any other part of German-held Europe. It is good strategy for Britain to concentrate her offensive energies against Italy while remaining on the defensive in the North Sea.

4. *What is the strategic importance of North Africa, especially French North Africa?*

Very great. And the British conquest of Libya has much increased (or will much increase) this importance, because it will have removed any possible Axis threat against the French North African possessions. For here is the last reserve of French independence, being used ably at the present time by Marshal Pétain in his endeavor to extricate France from Hitler's grip. Possession of the colonies is what enables France to play a political role, limited though it may be.

If the military situation should undergo a fundamental change, France would be able to reënter the war. It might be necessary to invade southern France, if all continental French territory were occupied by Germany. Such an invasion could be undertaken only from Bizerte and Mers-el-Kebir, and for best results only with French troops. Should France decide secretly to prepare a new fighting force, equipped with British or American weapons, North Africa is the only place where this force could be trained. North Africa neutralizes Spain and is a valuable help for Gibraltar. If Gibraltar (which, even if it were attacked before the end of the Libyan campaign, probably can resist a long time) falls, another British base could be established in Spanish Morocco. Active French collaboration is not absolutely necessary for the seizure of Spanish Morocco, though it would be useful. Starting from Bengazi, Tripoli and from Gibraltar, the British should be able to take Tangier. The final strategic importance of North Africa is that it is the only safe base for a possible attack against Italy, if Greece gets pushed out of the war. The conquest of Libya is as important for Britain as was the conquest of the French coast for Germany. However, the British must realize that their strict blockade of French North Africa is not the most appropriate policy for an eventual use of these territories.

5. *If Germany attacked Greece, and Turkey were to fight without direct military aid from Russia, what would be the probable result?*

It is unlikely that the Greeks would be able to fight a war on two fronts for long. But if Germany does not use Yugoslav territory, Greece can be attacked only on a short front of forty miles. Theoretically Greece would be able to delay a German onslaught for a certain period. If the Greeks and the British had arms equal in power and quantity to the German material, then Germany could be repulsed. Since this is probably not the case, a Greek defeat must be assumed. This

would relieve an important strain on Italy, but it would not essentially influence the final outcome of the war.

If Turkey were to help Greece, the situation would not be fundamentally different, though the chances of a more successful resistance would be increased. But it is not likely that Turkey will help Greece. Russia is opposed to Turkey's involvement, and for a very simple reason: Turkey could defeat Germany only far inside Anatolia, and could not keep her from occupying the Dardenelles. Such an occupation would be a serious blow for Russia, much of whose foreign trade would then pass under German control. Russia—contrary to the general conviction in America—is not much interested in the Balkan sphere. No possible Balkan development constitutes any direct or much increased danger for the Suez Canal, and is therefore of minor interest. It is much more to the point that Britain controls the strategically important islands of the eastern Mediterranean, especially Lemnos or Mytilene, from which the Rumanian oil fields can be bombed.

6. *How successful is the British blockade in view of Germany's present relations with the Balkans and Russia?*

Without a strict blockade, Britain can never gain material superiority over Germany. Possibly Germany's food situation is good, but without a doubt it could be better; and she is having serious difficulties in supplying the non-German territories with food. Germany has some of the raw materials she needs, but not all of them, and those she has are scarce. Much of the industrial equipment she bought from the United States must now be wearing out and the path of replenishment is blocked by the British fleet.

But another point must be emphasized: if Germany were not blockaded, no British aerial offensive against her could be successful. The blockade stops Germany from replacing many of the factories and transport facilities which are destroyed by British planes. The destroyed food stores cannot be replaced either. The blockade is an invisible weapon but an effective one.

7. *Can Great Britain win the war?*

This question cannot be answered in a few sentences, but if Britain and Ireland are not overrun in the near future, Germany will never be able to win. This simple fact will have an important influence on German morale. Of course, to win the war England must triumph in a military sense. Since the United States and the British Empire have a bigger industrial capacity than Germany, they can be stronger. But they must be more intelligent, too. If England maintains her bases and her sea-power, if she conquers in the air, if America equips the British army with superior and more numerous weapons than the German army has, if, finally, the British staff adopts superior and new tactics, British victory will be assured.

STEFAN POSSONY

Balance Sheet of American Journalism

HOW DOES the American newspaper look, viewed as objectively as human frailty permits, in the year 1941? For the sake of brevity, let me express my points in the form of a series of perhaps dogmatic-sounding statements, accompanied by brief supporting data.

1. *The American Press Is the Best in the World Today.*—Our journalism has plenty of faults, and I shall devote the rest of this essay to pointing them out. But with all its weaknesses, no one familiar with newspapers around the world will dispute the statement above. In the totalitarian countries, the lamp of journalism was long ago dropped into the cesspool and extinguished. At least two-thirds of the world's population have no access to newspapers which make any pretense of telling the truth.

In Latin America and Switzerland there are a few fine papers, but only a few. British journalism has a great history, but today the British press has necessarily been mobilized for the war. Moreover, in the past many too-modest Americans have had the habit of looking only at the best British journals, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The London Times*, *The London News Chronicle*, and ignoring the mass of mediocre provincial sheets. It is just as misleading to compare America's vulgar tabloids with *The Manchester Guardian* as it would be to compare *The New York Times* with the *British News of the World*.

2. *The American Press on the Whole Is Improving.*—Those who talk about the good old days of journalism are usually people who have either forgotten what those days were like, or never really knew. Most of the great editors of a century ago wouldn't last five minutes on a self-respecting paper of today. They vilified their opponents in seeming total disrespect for the libel laws; they left out important news whenever they felt like it; they were primarily propagandists. These faults persisted for a long time; even in the last few decades journalism has greatly improved.

Several things have united to bring this about. The sharp criticisms of men like Upton Sinclair, George Seldes and Ferdinand Lundberg have been fiercely resisted and repudiated by American journalism, but it has then proceeded to remedy some at least of the faults charged, whose existence it denied. Ethical standards are higher and have been helped by the conscious efforts of many editors to improve them.

Whether schools of journalism are worth while is a moot point; but certainly a newspaperman who is a college graduate, even though he has had no technical training, is almost always a better journalist than one

who is not. In the last quarter-century, the proportion of college men on newspaper staffs has risen from a small minority to an overwhelming majority. The average reporter or editor today knows a great deal more about a wide variety of subjects than did his confrères at the turn of the century. What is more, he is not afraid to print what he knows. The reading public has either become more highbrow or else the press has discovered that the higher brows were there all the time. (I suspect that the latter is true.)

The proportion of heavy drinkers in newspaper work has greatly decreased, and this is a decided benefit. The old-time wandering reporter was only too often a badly dressed dipsomaniac who either had no family or should have had none, whose boast it was that he had been fired successively off every paper from Portland to Portland. While there are still traces of him around, today the more typical picture is a hard-working man with a wife and one child who is buying a home from the FHA and a Dodge or an Oldsmobile from a limited-dividend finance company.

The American Newspaper Guild, these past few years, has done a great deal to increase the self-respect of the individual newspaperman. Whatever you or Westbrook Pegler may think about the Communist sympathies of some of the Guild's leaders, in the average shop the Guild has helped to put hair on the chests of the boys. The Guildsman knows that he can no longer be fired at the whim of the boss or because he refuses to do anybody's dirty work. If journalism ever approaches the ethical standards of such professions as law and medicine, the Guild or some similar organization will play a great part in the transformation.

3. *Censorship by Publishers Is Worse Than That by Advertisers.*—People who read muckraking books about journalism often get an exaggerated idea of the importance of advertiser dictation. It does exist and it is important; newspapers have many times in the past killed a story to which their advertisers might object and no doubt they will continue to do so; but there are still more serious evils of which the lay public is hardly conscious at all. Usually the advertiser doesn't need to exert any influence, because the publisher, who has the control, is himself very much the same kind of fellow as the advertiser, with the same ideas and inhibitions. Usually he tries to make the sort of paper the advertiser will like because it is the kind of paper he himself admires. In fact:

4. *Newspapers Are Edited by Business Men.*—The great change in journalism in our big cities in the past hundred years has been the virtual disappearance of the

owner-editor. A century ago the owner did his own editing, or most of it. With all their faults, mentioned above, Dana, Greeley, Bennett wrote many of their own editorials, even did reporting. The readers knew that what they said they believed. Today a big-city newspaper is a tremendous financial enterprise, with an investment of millions. It has drifted into the hands of money-minded men who are interested in profits, whereas the editorial-minded men are usually interested in trying to influence their city, state and nation in what they consider the right direction. Many of these publishers—not all, certainly—are hard-boiled, ruthless individuals. While they take no part in the normal editorial work from day to day, they insist that their ideas shall prevail in all cases of important controversial issues.

This is strikingly exemplified during a national political campaign. Both in 1936 and in 1940, informal polls showed that something like 90 percent of the editorial staff of The New York Herald Tribune was in favor of President Roosevelt; nevertheless the paper itself went with the minute minority which happened to include the publisher, and supported Landon in '36 and Willkie in '40. I strongly doubt whether more than a small proportion of The Chicago Tribune's staff agrees with the violent isolationism and hostility to the New Deal of Colonel Robert McCormick; yet even if 100 percent of them disagreed with him, the paper would doubtless continue in its course. William Randolph Hearst has repeatedly swung his mighty journalistic batteries from one side to the other of some public question according to his own whim, and all his thousands of editors have hastily reversed their coats. Similar conditions prevail on hundreds of other papers.

5. *Monopoly Is a Grave Danger in the Press.*—Fifteen years ago many people were concerned about the onward march of chain journalism, one man or one corporation buying up successive newspapers all over the country. It looked as though this process might continue indefinitely until we had only a few gigantic newspaper trusts. Since then, for various reasons, the trend toward consolidation seems to have halted. The chain papers today are only a small minority of the total number; but since they are usually the largest and strongest journals, with tremendous circulations, their influence far exceeds their numerical strength.

Chain journalism has its good points as well as bad. Twenty papers can share among them the salaries of Washington correspondents, or syndicated columnists, whom no one of them could afford. If the local advertisers in a single town should gang up on the editor, as sometimes happens, the chain can pour in its resources and win a fight that would otherwise have been lost in the first round. But against this must be weighed very serious evils. The accumulation of power in the hands of one man or group is tremendous. The

three most important personalities in chain journalism at present are W. R. Hearst, Roy Howard and Frank Gannett. I happen to disagree violently with all three of these gentlemen on a majority of their most important policies and, with some of them, I strongly disapprove of their way of doing business. But even if I thought they were right in everything they say, and considered them as impeccable as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, I should still feel that they wield more power than is safe in a democracy.

Two of these three gentlemen, as it happens, also exert monolithic powers in the field of wholesale gathering and dissemination of news. Whatever the technicalities of ownership, Mr. Howard is the power behind the throne in the United Press. Mr. Hearst and International News Service are twins. The third great service is the Associated Press, which in theory is a coöperative club of all its newspaper clients, but is in fact heavily influenced by a few great metropolitan newspapers. Such a concentration of power is a serious matter for a democracy to contemplate.

6. *There Is a Dangerous Tendency Toward Standardized and Syndicated Material.*—Within the past few years an extraordinary development has been seen toward amusement features and away from the news, not only in evening papers, the traditional home of this sort of thing, but morning papers as well. The so-called comic strips, which are no longer comic at all but are sensational serial stories of melodrama or fantasy, have proliferated like a colchicine-treated vegetable. Instead of three or four columns of these strips per day, three or four pages have become more nearly normal. As for the columnists, they have come trooping out of Pandora's box. The editors tacitly admit the weakness of their own writing by hiring Lippmann, Pegler or Miss Thompson. The news columns are remorselessly whittled down to make space for an ever increasing proportion of such feature material.

This situation, again, has its good as well as its bad side. The leading columnists have become such on their merits; when a paper in Flagstaff, Arizona, presents half a dozen of them, it is giving a better service than could be performed by any six Flagstaffians sitting down at their typewriters each day at 9 A.M. The columnist gains some freedom, because no one editor can dictate what he shall say.

Yet there are disadvantages too. Standardized journalism has lost much of its local flavor. Ride across the country by train, buy the local paper at each stop, tear off the logotype containing its name, and you will be hard pressed to tell one from another. With local news so minimized and routinized, the papers lose some of their initiative; local crusades become scarcer than before. The syndicated columnist, because of the very fact that he is appearing in three or four hundred papers, is under temptation to pull his punch, not to say

anything startling or upsetting. If he suddenly changed his mind on some important question it might cost him many clients and a lot of money.

7. *The Middle Class Is Overrepresented in the Press.*—American newspapers on the whole speak for the middle class and not for the workers of the country. The newspapers which represent the middle-class point of view circulate approximately 40,000,000 copies a day. All labor journals, whether daily, weekly or monthly, have a combined circulation of perhaps 8,000,000, and this figure is less impressive than it seems, because there is heavy duplication. Many so-called labor papers are in fact house organs for some radical sect and nobody except the members would touch them with sugar tongs.

I am aware of the answer that will be made to this comment. I shall be told that in America the workers think like the middle class, that they don't want to read special papers giving their own point of view. There is some truth in this, but not the whole truth. It is a fact that most workers prefer a good middle-class paper rather than a bad labor one. The American worker does have some traits in common with the middle class, though these are not necessarily incompatible with being a good trade-union man. He is sometimes taken in by the spurious expressions of friendship that are found, for instance, in the Hearst press. And yet there is a real and dangerous situation in which many thousands of workingmen feel that the press as a whole is hostile to them, will not tell their story fairly, gives disproportionate space and emphasis to the employer's side in every dispute.

8. *Journalists and Papers Get Old, Fat and Timid.*—It seems to be a normal part of biological history (at least in our civilization) for the individual to grow more conservative and timid with age. While there are plenty of conspicuous exceptions, most men, as their knee joints begin to creak, lose their crusading zeal to make the world over and begin to look instead for a pleasantly padded corner in which to spend their declining years with a maximum of security and peace. This has happened to innumerable journalists, and it will continue. Unfortunately, the policy-making jobs on most papers are in the hands of men who have reached this stage of life.

Journals, too, grow old and suffer from the diseases of advancing age. Some of our stodgiest Tory papers of today, which earn vast profits by grinding out unsalted pap for masses of apathetic readers, began life as crusading journals of young men who had little to lose from speaking out. In the old days this Toryism did not matter greatly because you could be sure that somewhere a pink-cheeked young William Allen White, with a shirt-tail full of type, would come along and launch a new, fighting paper.

But unhappily this is no longer true. Very few newspapers are started any more, and especially in the big cities where the investment is so enormous. The result has been an important trend toward monopolistic or semi-monopolistic conditions. More and more communities have only one newspaper, or only two, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Where there are two, they tend to be under common ownership and common editorial direction. An increasing proportion of our population is no longer able even to choose the lesser of two journalistic evils. In such circumstances, if you don't like the views of the publisher in your community, you can only buy a radio; and the radio is certainly no substitute for journalism.

9. *In Technology There Is Hope.*—Among other things that this country needs, it requires newspapers with a far smaller capital investment, so that genuine competition will more easily be possible. Here again, the argument can cut both ways. Advertising in large quantities has its dangers, but a paper on a shoestring is also subject to secret, corrupt control of a different sort. For the past half-century the most venal journalism in the world was probably that of Paris, where advertising in the American sense is little understood or practised. In this country the shoestring paper is saved, in most cases, only because it is not published primarily as a money-making enterprise but to represent the ideas of some special group in the community. I should like to see a proliferation of such papers, not as substitutes for orthodox journalism but as supplements and gadflies to it, publishing the news it is afraid to print, delving into special fields of limited interest. The liberal magazines such as *Common Sense*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic* already perform something of this function. Technological advance is likely to bring down the cost of newspapers materially in the next few years. There is a machine which sets type simultaneously in a thousand offices while only one man operates a central keyboard. The self-justifying typewriter, which produces lines of equal length, makes it possible to print from photographed plates without setting any type at all. Greatly improved techniques for transmitting pictures by wire make it feasible to prepare a newspaper in New York each night and print separate editions next morning in any number of cities all over the country. The radio printer will produce a complete paper overnight in your own home at nominal cost. New printing presses are marvels of speed and economy. Quite possibly through these devices we may soon begin to break the iron grip of big, monopolistic newspapers.

10. *We Get About What We Deserve.*—It is wrong to single out journalism as though it were materially inferior to other things in our civilization. Newspapers are not so cowardly as the radio, not so money-minded

as the movies, no more servile to community sentiment than are the church and the school. I have heard dozens of plans brought forward for creating Utopian newspapers, but I doubt strongly whether it is possible to bring any one aspect of our society far out ahead of the others. There are certain bad spots which need to

be remedied at once, without waiting for the slow march of civilization; but in the main, newspapers will get better as the country gets better, as our people realize the importance of an accurate, impartial and complete reporting of the news, and insist on having it.

BRUCE BLIVEN

The Battle of the Bible Belt

THERE IS CIVIL WAR in the Bible Belt. Is salvation to be achieved by persecuting or converting the Jew? No fewer than 10,000,000 practising Fundamentalists are choosing one answer or the other. The leaders of both factions are ministers who, until a few years ago, labored peacefully in the vineyard of Protestant Fundamentalism. Both factions draw from the same arsenal—the Bible. Ammunition consists of Biblical quotations, carefully trademarked with the numbers of chapter and verse.

As far as the rank and file is concerned, the decision involves only the matter of personal salvation. But those choosing persecution of the Jew have fallen into the Nazi camp whether they know it or not. And a majority of their leaders do know it. They are consciously using theology to lure their followers into accepting an anti-democratic political ideology. They command the largest and most articulate single group of actual and potential Nazis in the United States.

The recognized leader of the anti-democratic Fundamentalists is the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, founder of the Defender Movement, publisher of *Defender* magazine and author of dozens of books and pamphlets. Since 1934, when he concluded that "international Jewry" is responsible for all the ills of the world, he has conducted a campaign against Jews equaled in enthusiasm only by his defense of National Socialism. "Germany stands alone in her attempt to break Jewish control," he wrote. Other typical Winrod comments: "Nazism and fascism are patriotic and nationalistic" . . . "In Germany and Italy the church is revered and preserved" . . . "Nazism and fascism stand for both home and church." His former wife testified under oath that he expects to be "nominal head of the United States" when "the revolution comes."

Winrod's immediate followers are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. In Kansas alone he was able to poll nearly 60,000 votes when he sought the Republican nomination to the United States Senate in 1938—and his strength extends far beyond the borders of Kansas. As it was pointed out in an article in *The New Republic* (April 22, 1940), Winrod's influence is such that he was able to force the discontinuance of an investigation of his organization by the Dies Committee. His lieutenants echo their leader. The Rev. Oswald J. Smith, whose church is in Toronto, though he fre-

quently addresses meetings in the United States, wrote: "As long as Hitler lives, Germany will be safe." However, the ministers usually seek to justify anti-Semitism in terms of theology rather than politics. The Rev. Frank Woodruff Johnson of Omaha, author of the current anti-Semitic best-seller, "The Octopus," wrote: "Any Fundamentalist minister knows that Scripture teaches that Jewry, as a race, is 'chosen' in this period for God's particular punishment." Dr. Louis Richard Patmont, Berkeley, California, propagandist and minister, wrote: "Christians . . . know that the Jew is bringing suffering upon himself by his persistent disobedience to God."

The opposition to anti-Semitism and Nazism within the Fundamentalist movement is headed by the Rev. Keith L. Brooks, president of the American Prophetic League, Inc. Speaking through *Prophecy Monthly*, leaflets, booklets, the radio and the pulpit, the Brooks group has fought as vigorously as the Winrod faction, but it is decisively outnumbered.

Although a mild form of anti-Semitism was an accepted doctrine in many Fundamentalist churches long before Adolf Hitler demonstrated the political efficacy of Jew-baiting, it did not become a serious matter until 1922, when Henry Ford publicly endorsed "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion." This infamous volume, which in Europe has accounted for the murder of unrecorded thousands of Jews, purported to relate a plan by which "international Jewry" seeks to enslave the entire world.

All competent scholars have declared the document to be a plagiarism of a lampoon directed against Louis Napoleon by a Frenchman whose cleverness cost him three years in prison. But Fundamentalists are magnificently contemptuous of scholarship; they accepted the "Protocols" quite as literally as they did the Bible. Missionaries in both Asia and Africa distributed the "Protocols" and the New Testament with almost equal enthusiasm and in about the same numbers. The Rev. Edgar E. Strother, a missionary in China, is generally credited with responsibility for the Marsden translation, which has become the standard English edition. A majority of Fundamentalist leaders in both pulpit and press supported the "Protocol"-inspired anti-Semitic campaign which Henry Ford conducted in *The Dearborn Independent* from 1920 to 1927.

Hitler, who discovered the "Protocols" during these years and later made constant use of them in the propaganda campaign of the National Socialist Party, was satisfied to develop a political form of anti-Semitism. But the Fundamentalists felt the necessity of resolving the alleged conspiracy in terms of theology. The Fundamentalist theologians had long before interpreted the ancient prophecies to mean that Jesus would one day return to the earth in person to save all who have believed in Him. (And every practising Fundamentalist expects to be here on that happy day.) But His return must await the appearance of an Antichrist whom He will overcome and destroy at Armageddon. When the Christ has triumphed over the Antichrist, all good Fundamentalists will live happily on earth for 1,000 years, after which they and their arisen dead will ascend to heaven for eternity. All non-Fundamentalists will go to the Devil, where they belong.

The Fundamentalists needed an Antichrist; they disliked Jews; the "Protocols" enunciated a fantastic plot to enslave Christianity; Russia had fallen under the thumb of a group of men who looked upon religion as "the opiate of the people." Q. E. D. "Jewish communism" was the Antichrist. "We must regard Bolshevism as the lineal descendant of the Antichrist conspiracy," wrote Winrod. But the Jewish Antichrist will be punished. Winrod promised it in the name of God.

It is not surprising that the anti-Semitic majority in the Fundamentalist movement accepted Adolf Hitler's victory in Germany as the fulfilment of a prophecy. Had not Hitler declared a war of attrition against communism, and was not communism the Antichrist? In a sense der Führer was substituting for Jesus. Or so they thought.

A dozen or more of the ranking Fundamentalist leaders visited Germany in order to witness this preview of the millennium. Mrs. Winrod testified that her husband's pilgrimage to Berlin was the result of an invitation from German agents operating in the United States. The Nazi government provided an automobile and an interpreter for the Rev. Joe Jeffers of Los Angeles when he visited Germany in 1938. Jeffers boasted that he "met and talked for three hours with Hitler's brother." All important Fundamentalists were treated with more than usual courtesy.

Since Hitler's rise to power, the fascist-minded Fundamentalist leaders have conducted one of the most effective sales campaigns in the history of religion. Winrod increased the circulation of his magazine, *Defender*, to about 110,000 copies. He has published two regular newspapers, *The Revealer* and *The Constitutionalist*. He has written and distributed hundreds of thousands of copies of such booklets as "The Jewish Assault on Christianity" and "The Truth About the Protocols." The Rev. W. B. Riley, pastor of the

First Baptist Church, Minneapolis, and head of the Northwestern Bible School, published such books as "Wanted—A World Leader," in addition to his regular magazine, *The Pilot*. Ten million Fundamentalists have been bombarded constantly with dozens of these regular publications and hundreds of anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi books and pamphlets, including the "Protocols." In nearly every section of the country ministers use the radio to publicize meetings at which religion, hate and politics are mixed in almost equal proportions.

During a period when Protestantism lost members, those Protestant churches devoted to Fundamentalism increased in size and number. And in addition to expanding within the established sects, particularly the Baptist, Fundamentalism has added some new sects of its own: Assembly of God, Church of God, Holiness Church and the Pentacostal Church. These believe that personal salvation is to be achieved by persecuting rather than by converting the Jew and that the hope of national salvation lies in what they euphemistically call a "Christian government." The New Deal, of course, is Jewish.

The twenty-nine ranking leaders of the movement recently formed a loose federation called the Prophecy-Prayer Crusade. Their first conference was held in Chicago in October of last year. The open meetings were devoted to a swing version of religion, but certain individuals in private conversation arranged for a closed meeting of some of the nation's leading fascists, which was held in Chicago a few weeks later. The following December the ministers again met, in Englewood, Colorado. Their slogan is "Christ for the Crisis."

Almost as influential as the clergy are the dozens of Fundamentalist laymen who lead movements related to National Socialism. Colonel E. N. Sanctuary, prolific writer for the Fundamentalist press, is leader of the American Christian Defenders (formerly known as the World Alliance Against Jewish Aggressiveness). He has published a number of books, including "The Talmud Unmasked" and "The Holy See and the Jews." During the past year Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network" and head of the Patriotic Research Bureau, has met frequently with the ministerial élite. Another highly articulate Fundamentalist layman is Dr. John R. (Goat-Gland) Brinkley, who propagandizes through his newspaper, *Publicity*, and his radio broadcasting station XER-A, for which he has just filed a bankruptcy petition. Dr. Brinkley's transmitter, which was set up in Mexico in order to escape the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission, is one of the most powerful in the world. Robert Edward Edmondson, Charles B. Hudson, George Deatherage and dozens of petty führers advertise and distribute the Fundamentalist publications.

At the moment, the civil war between the pro-democratic and anti-democratic factions within the Funda-

mentalist movement centers around a manifesto released recently by the American Prophetic League. It began: "Bearing false witness is a sin. Maligning Jews is also a sin. Both are solemnly condemned in the scriptures of truth, that Word which shall judge us in the last day." The manifesto, which was signed by sixty-five prominent ministers and laymen, was widely distributed in Fundamentalist circles. The anti-Semitic faction screamed: "Jewish conspiracy!" The Rev. Frank Woodruff Johnson wrote: "An interesting example of how deceptive B'nai B'rith [Jewish] propaganda is put out by its Gentile mouthpieces, with the prestige of sound uninformed ministers dragged in to help it across, is shown by a characteristic leaflet of the Rev. Keith L. Brooks's American Prophetic League, released for distribution among Fundamentalist Christians." Mrs. Dilling countered by sending "A Letter to Sound Ministers," which, among other things, charged that Mr. Brooks is affiliated with Communists.

The Russian-German pact was an unexpected blow below the belt which caught the "God-fearing, Bible-believing, knee-bending" anti-Semites completely off guard. For a brief interlude they were afflicted with that brand of paralysis which was endemic among Communists during the period. Then, when Mr. Browder discovered that the pact was a victory for communism, the Fundamentalists were just as certain that it was a victory over communism. Winrod sounded the

new keynote: "The non-aggression pact between Germany and Russia spells exit for the Third International. It means that Russia will be national henceforth instead of international. It means the doom of Jewish control in Moscow. It means that Stalin has yielded to the pressure of anti-Semitism within the borders of his country." And in yielding to the pressure of anti-Semitism, Stalin is doing God's bidding. "The wrath of God," pontificated Winrod, "is kindled against those responsible for bringing this great evil upon the human family. . . . A pogrom will soon occur in Russia and other parts of eastern Europe that will surpass anything the world has ever known. It is to be questioned if one Jew will remain alive in Russia."

The bloodthirstiness of the Winrods and their communicants, fortunately, has not yet been translated into a specific political party. Its common denominator continues to be religion rather than politics. But it constitutes a great danger. The minds of these millions have been so conditioned by the hate-laden theology of their leaders that they are ripe to be harvested by any fascist outfit which calls itself "Christian American." The latent power of their fanaticism may one day be channeled into a tremendous political force. The anti-Semitic Fundamentalists constitute the backbone of the Ku Klux Klan. Note that during the past year the Klan has doubled its membership.

ROY and ALMA TOZIER

Opinions of Oliver Allston¹

I WAS a predestined writer," Allston says, "and all the events of literary history were stamped on my mind when I was young. Well I remember the death of Ruskin, which occurred when I was fourteen. I can still see the spot where I picked up the paper announcing his death, the four-o'clock-in-the-afternoon sunlight streaming over the empty schoolroom. I can see the cracks in the floor boards where the sunlight fell, and the woodcuts on the wall of Aldrich and Kipling. I have similar associations with the death of Swinburne. I saw it announced in *The Evening Sun*, which I bought at a newsstand at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, and I see myself diving into the subway to read it. That remembered moment of excitement brings back to me the picture of all Times Square, the Knickerbocker Hotel and the faces on the corner. It is like a flash of lightning recalled from the past. At about that time—I think it was 1910—I was absorbed for three days in the story of Tolstoy's flight from home. It was all on the front page of *The Evening Post*, which I read in the old Hofbrau

Haus on Broadway. I followed it as I later followed the Battle of the Marne to the moment of Tolstoy's death in the railway station. All these events occurred thirty years ago or more, and they are as vividly present to me as the pen that I hold in my hand."

It is true, this seems to indicate a sort of predestination; and Allston, in fact, could scarcely remember a time when he had not meant to be a writer. His intention was fully formed long years before he went to college; and his first act, on leaving college, was to call upon William Dean Howells, to whom he had obtained a letter of introduction. He told me that he had not read Howells' novels—indeed, at that time, he had little interest in novels—but he said that he almost died of fear at the thought of meeting this famous writer. I find this note about the meeting:

It was in 1907. I wished to put to him the preposterous question, how should one set about being a writer. He was living at a hotel in New York, I do not remember which, and he received me in a little anteroom. He had heard this question put hundreds of times, and he knew as well as I that there was no answer. But I remember asking if he thought I should work on a newspaper—the fashionable notion in those days at Harvard. I certainly had no inten-

¹This is the second of a series of articles by Van Wyck Brooks, reporting the views on many subjects of "Oliver Allston."—THE EDITORS

tion of working on a newspaper, unless I could write "editorials"; and this was the way I put the question to Howells. He replied that this was like joining the army with the expectation of being a "general" at the outset.

Allston never forgot Howells' good sense and kindness, although many years passed before he read Howells' novels. He was forty-five before he knew how good they were. But, as for the question of working on a newspaper, this was settled then and there. It was not for him, and he felt it was not too good for other writers, as I shall presently show. Then could he do reviewing? One of his professors, Irving Babbitt, had kindly given him another letter. This was to Paul Elmer More, who was editing *The Nation*, and who gave him one or two books for brief reviews. But, all the time, he had another plan in mind, and, without a second thought, he acted on it. He jumped on a ship and went to London, sailing in the steerage. He gave me an amusing account of this voyage, during which he had read "Tom Jones," sitting on a coil of rope on the deck, for there were no chairs in the steerage. He was full of notions about Grub Street, and he could not wait to get to London, where he lived more or less in the slums for a year and a half, in a street off the Strand, in Pimlico, in Old Compton Street—over a Soho restaurant—and in King's Road, Chelsea. For a while he rented an old abandoned studio that did not have a stick of furniture in it. There was nothing but a model's stand, which he used for a bed, and a moth-eaten bearskin that served him as a blanket. He lived for one whole summer on buns and tea, and once he was so hungry that he fainted. But he said he had as much fun as an Arctic explorer. ("I asked Commander Stenhouse," Allston writes, "what was the real motive of Arctic explorers. 'Fun, just fun,' he said. 'They will give you all sorts of other reasons, but their only real reason is that it's fun.'") Allston had a job in a literary agency, for which he received a pound a week, and, when this was raised to thirty shillings, he thought he was in clover. He also wrote a few articles for magazines and newspapers, and he contrived to write a book. This was his first book. It was published in London, but he wrote it in the country, in a hamlet in Sussex. He lived in a stone farmhouse that had once been a priory, in a big sunny room with casement windows.

I was there five months [he says], in the spring and summer. I dined with Farmer Adams and his wife. Every Sunday we had a boiled leg of mutton, a dish of greens and boiled potatoes and a roll of suet pudding with blackberries in it. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, ditto, ditto. Then on Thursday we had a new boiled leg of mutton, a new dish of greens and a new suet pudding. On Friday and Saturday, ditto, ditto. But, oh yes, I should add, it was hot on Sunday and Thursday, and cold on the other five days, and sometimes, instead of blackberries, we had currants.

Allston often spoke to me about these days in England. Later he went back there to teach, though only for a year, 1913-14. (He was examined for his license by Graham Wallas.) But I am not writing his life. I have set out to record his opinions, and I cannot dwell on these merely personal matters. He returned to New York in the fall of 1908; and, although he taught in California for two years, this remained his center for the rest of his life. He worked for a while on a dictionary, he worked on an encyclopedia, he edited handbooks and magazines, he made many translations. He was a publisher's reader and a general factotum—he knew the inside of the many mansions that constitute the writer's hell or heaven. "I was an 'industrious apprentice,'" he says in a note. "I only differed from the classic type in that I did not wish to marry the master's daughter." As for his own work, he adds, "I was over forty before I was focused, except for this or that special problem. The great question for a writer is to find his focus, and to keep himself focused. When he is out of focus he is in hell." Let me give one further observation on his earlier days in New York:

I shared E. A. Robinson's cult of failure, and at the same moment in New York. I liked mean streets and shabby houses; I rejoiced in holes in the seat of my breeches and holes in the soles of my shoes. I had a horror of the appearance of success, which I still have, for that matter. If I were "successful," I should wish to wear a hair-shirt.

What always worried me was not the danger of being poor, of which one hears so much—and I have certainly had small means. I could almost have drawn the map that Robinson said he could draw, showing every free-lunch counter in the city. What has always worried me was the danger of being rich, and this haunts me still. For one can never tell. Riches may come as well as poverty, and I fear this possibility. I feel as Elinor Wylie felt, although in quite another sense—

Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
There's something in this richness that I hate.

There was nothing I feared more as a young man than making money. My only motive in offices, etc., was *not to be promoted*, not to have a salary that involved responsibilities, not to become entangled in the machinery of business. I wished to be an underling, and in this ambition one always succeeds. I realized how important it was that my sense of responsibility should only be engaged in routine tasks, in which I could honestly give my money's worth. Granting that I could pay my way, my major responsibilities all lay elsewhere.

He adds, by way of parenthesis:

I saw this clearly because I wished to be a writer. But I should be sorry if everyone felt as I did. Some people are born to live lavishly, and, under whatever social system, they should be allowed to do so. By these I mean the real artists in living for whom material resources are instruments

of their art. There should be many boxes of precious ointment, and they should often be broken. Naturally magnificent people have their rights also. They will always give more than they take.

Allston developed late, as I have suggested, although he had begun so early. He did not regret this, though he sometimes regretted that he had begun so early. He was impressed by a passage in Havelock Ellis' autobiography that seemed to hit the nail on the head for him: "I was still firmly convinced"—at twenty-five—"that when one is young one is always liable to outgrow one's work, and was determined that I, at all events, would not fall into the error of neglecting this natural development and putting forth in a permanent form work that I might subsequently wish to disavow. I cannot remember at what age it was that I resolved not to publish a book until I was thirty, but I was never tempted to move from that resolution and never had occasion to regret it." On this Allston comments as follows:

I was not so wise, and especially not so tranquil and confident. Perhaps no American could have been so at that moment. As all we Americans did, I conducted my education in public; and, although I do not think it matters much, I have had to pay in consequence. My early writings won a few adherents, who were less mature even than I was, and they still say and write that I have gone back on myself when I have only gone back on my ignorance and brashness.

He remarks again, apropos of his slow development:

If my letters were ever published—which heaven forbid—it would be seen that I have always been a most injudicious letter-writer. I have always been too impulsive—J. B. Yeats called me the "most impulsive of men," and he did not say it in praise. My way has always been to say Yes, and then think it over; and, thinking, I often found that I was wrong. I had said not what my nature necessitated, but what first came into my mind, because I was touched or pleased or flattered. I must often have appeared superficial without being so. I usually had the right perception, but my impulses came too rapidly for me to express it, and I was too flattered or too touched. Only now, after fifty, do I say at the first encounter (and not always even now) what, after thinking, I find that I feel and believe.

(Referring to this I find a note *On writing dishonest letters of praise*: "I gave him soothing-syrup to keep him quiet, only two or three drops. Now he comes back for more—he wants a spoonful.") He certainly never regretted that he was not earlier known—he rejoiced in the long obscurity that favored his growth. Regarding this he said:

"I have been meditating on the great importance it is to a literary man to remain unknown till he gets his work fairly

done. It can hardly be overstated." Thus Longfellow, in his journal, and how right he is. If we cannot afford to take this Olympian line, if we have to seek publicity, at least let us know what we are doing. I do not envy the successful authors about whom the publicity men and reporters flock, like sharks about a raft—which, when the provisions are gone, breaks up and leaves these authors at their mercy.

He adds:

When a writer begins to be successful, when he begins to soar, outwardly but especially inwardly, then, to save him from infatuation, he needs to be pelted with bitter apples.

Let me conclude this chapter with a few brief notes of a more or less personal kind. Allston liked to collect quotations that defined his own feelings. Thus he says:

I am like the historian of whom Horace Walpole said that he "never understood anything until he had written about it."

Dr. Johnson's friend Bennet Langton said he "had a queerness of constitution which seemed to leave him at his lowest ebb every afternoon about two of the clock, forgetful, weary, confused, and without an idea in his head." I feel the same way at this hour.

I feel about my work as Turgenev said he felt about his: "When I reread my work or hear it mentioned, I have a complicated feeling, the chief elements of which are shame and the fear that people are laughing at me."

The following notes are purely personal:

I have not lost one of my "illusions." I have the same expectations of life that I had when I was a boy.

Once, when I was in London, I saw a copy of my first book in the sixpenny box at a second-hand bookseller's. I passed this box many times and saw the rain falling on it, while the binding of the book grew dimmer and dimmer. Finally it reached the penny box. I felt so sorry for myself that I bought the book.

Young H. has just been here, telling me his enthusiasms. I felt like Pater's Mona Lisa, older than the rocks among which she sits, when he told me what a poet ought to be.

The following are more general:

Nine-tenths of the things that are most important to us, in our own personal lives, the things that absorb our energy and give our life meaning, not only have no interest for other people but have no traceable connection with those elements of our life that concern the world.

"Life is a comedy to those who think." Yes, and let us keep it so. If I were to live in my feelings, without a constant activity of the mind, my face would soon be as lined with furrows as a bed of lava.

Nothing good can come from writers who are at ease in their Zion. We should all live like Israelites at the Feast of Passover.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Washington Notes

The New Deal Counter-Attacks

THE LAST TEN DAYS here have been filled with reports of the new all-inclusive defense organization that is to be created by Mr. Roosevelt. If it follows the plans that, according to my information, are being discussed, it will mean not only a great acceleration of our war effort, but also a partial return of the New Dealers to positions of authority and influence. It will mean that the dollar-a-year business men haven't captured the government, after all.

At least up to the moment these Notes are written, it seems definitely resolved that there will be no business-man dictator, no equivalent of the 1917 Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. Instead, final power will lie in a committee of high officials. Four of these committee members will be the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War and Navy, with perhaps Mr. Wickard of Agriculture as a fifth. I am informed it is undecided whether Messrs. Knudsen and Hillman of the OPM are to be numbers six and seven. In any case, ultimate authority will lie with duly appointed New Deal officials. The dollar-a-year boys, with the possible exception of Mr. Knudsen, will be set on a clearly inferior rank. This is what the New Dealers' program for the war emergency, worked out in May, 1940, called for.

In detail, the proposed defense organization is bewilderingly complex. Emphasis, however, falls on two functions. One is over-all planning for joint American and English war needs. Previously, the English requirements were presented piecemeal to Secretary Morgenthau, and, under his chaperonage, passed on to American manufacturers. About two months ago, Mr. Purvis, head of the British Purchasing Mission, succeeded in obtaining from London a comprehensive list of his country's probable needs for the next two years. A similar schedule is being worked out for America. The two programs must now be fitted together, and adjusted to this country's manufacturing capacities. This supreme job, I understand, will belong to the top committee of Cabinet officers.

The second function to be stressed will be the speeding of production of bombers, ordnance—including tanks—and warships. Here Mr. Roosevelt is consciously following the example of Mr. Churchill, who, almost immediately on taking power last spring, named Lord Beaverbrook a "dictator" of airplane manufacture. Had he had a local Beaverbrook handy, Mr. Roosevelt might have thrust the airplane problem upon him before this. But the nearest American equivalent was Mayor LaGuardia, and various political forces, among them Secretary Knox and Democratic Chairman Ed Flynn, have interfered with Mr. LaGuardia's appointment. The most likely candidate for the job, as these Notes are written, is Tom Corcoran, who will work from the assistant-secretaryship of the Navy. Despite difficulties concerning machine tools, the tank program seems to be progressing faster than anyone hoped. But special "ministries of production" are likely to be named for artillery manufacture and shipbuilding.

Two months ago, in these Notes, I reported that there seemed to be a possibility of shipping arms to Chiang Kai-shek through Vladivostok, where the government of the USSR had just then permitted us to open a consulate. I now learn that this possibility has evaporated. Apparently anticipating a request from our State Department, Moscow is said to have delicately made it clear that it would pursue a wholly independent policy toward both China and Japan. To allow American arms to pass through Vladivostok would imply a commitment both to Chiang and the United States, and Moscow would make no political promises.

It is hard to discover whether a real divergence of policy toward Russia exists between the State Department and the British Foreign Office. England would frankly like to have us cut off all exports to the USSR; Under-secretary Welles, in charge of Russian matters, obviously wishes to avoid any sensational act. Administration spokesmen say that the difference runs no deeper than this. It is believed here that the mission of Sir Stafford Cripps to Moscow has been a massive failure; Sir Stafford has been enthusiastically cold-shouldered by big and little Russians. The English had great hopes of Sir Stafford and are correspondingly disappointed.

Far Eastern experts here say that a truce between the USSR and Japan is possible, although the Russian terms will be far more severe than any so far published. They say that Moscow will ask not merely for certain rights on the Chinese Eastern railroad—the direct route to Vladivostok—and the southern half of Sakhalin, but also for certain north Pacific islands. If Japan becomes involved in Indo-China, Thailand, the Dutch East Indies—according to the program of the militant army group—the Russians believe that she will have no choice but to agree to any terms Russia asks. It is reported that the powerful German mission at Tokyo is urging Prince Konoye to make concessions to Moscow. The USSR, in short, is sitting relatively pretty.

The recent priorities orders of the OPM, particularly that covering machine tools, seems to have been chiefly a legal way of evading the anti-trust act. Apparently the machine-tool manufacturers were coöperating sweetly with Mr. Stettinius; there were no company heads who needed to be bludgeoned into order. But for the machine-tool makers to agree among themselves to allot production and fix prices would have been a flouting of law that Assistant Attorney General Arnold, without stultifying himself, could not have overlooked. Thus the priority order, by which the machine-tool manufacturers are commanded, under threat of prosecution, to do what otherwise would have been a crime. This round-about device apparently marks a final peace between Mr. Arnold and the OPM.

The proposed investigation of defense contracts by the House Rules Committee may easily turn out to be of great value. In part, the resolution authorizing the investigation represents the hunger of Mississippi Valley congressmen to obtain some of the defense gravy for their constituencies. But there is also a group of House members who are genuinely alarmed by growth of big-business favoritism within the defense organization. A thorough overhauling of defense contracts would strengthen the hand of the OPM's New Deal minority.

Washington

T. R. B.

Motley to the View

The Talley Method, by S. N. Behrman. *Henry Miller's Theatre*, February 24, 1941.

WE ARE constantly hearing that there is no outlet for talent, that genius goes wanting, in sum that the most brilliant talents coming out of Murray Hill, Gramercy Park, or Chelsea, or Bangor, Maine, or Indianapolis, Indiana, might find themselves stranded, quite alone and unprovided with acting parts. The roles of Hamlet, King Lear, or Romeo are, as the lists go, all filled up, their spirits, as the Melancholy Dane would say, quite crowded o'er. What should our young actors do then? Nevertheless, in a small way, there may be chances.

There are chances. We see them, for example, in those first few moments of Mr. Behrman's new play, "*The Talley Method*," where two young people are introducing matters—Miss Claire Niesen, the rebellious adopted daughter of the house, and Mr. Dean Harens, the son. These two young actors are given certain moments of importance, speeches that balance one another, points with a certain theatre punch to them; a certain degree of theatrical facility is thus asked of them. Miss Niesen and Mr. Harens throw away every point provided them; out of sheer stage ignorance they miss the Hamlet-Julietness of the moment (which is certainly not Mr. Behrman's fault). The points provided are, if you like, small points, and easily overlooked. But the life of the theatre is not like that. In all good acting there is a vibration, alive, and in everything never ceasing; there is in everything the excitement of limb, muscle and nerve that exhibits the sharp content and projection of life. In these first few moments of the play these two young players have, as the stage goes, an unusual chance to make their acting count. There are points they could play up, qualities to project, shadings, even wisecracks now and then, in the Times Square manner, but they do nothing with them. They throw away their chances. Within three minutes after the rise of the curtain, points have been lost, stage moments ignored, that might have been delightful, or witty or who knows what—not to mention the business of forwarding the play itself.

The point here is that a real chance for acting was provided by the playwright and that these young players muffed it. So far as the play itself goes, this is a misfortune. So far as the actors go, we have an illustration of the inability to seize on points that are provided and that are well worth seizing on. There is no reason we should mourn the lack of opportunity when there is so great a lack of technical ability. Why should we grieve over the fact that there is so little to act for people who can so little act?

This, however, would seem to reflect on Miss Niesen and Mr. Harens, but I have no such intention. It is only that at the moment they represent a whole class of young actors, and are examples of our current evils in the theatre. Miss Ina Claire, with all that amazing technical sense she has, could no doubt explain matters to them, if she only wanted to. She has enough to do with her own role very likely, however, playing it as she does so securely and to such perfection.

The story of "*The Talley Method*" turns on the love affair of a surgeon and a poetess. He has a limited understanding of human beings outside his knife and formula;

she has the imagination that can create anew the inmost life of other people and the passionate experience of their reality. His son, his adopted daughter, his home and complete circumstances become matter for her invention, incitement and true goodness. The contrast between the two leading characters, therefore, rises to a genuine significance as well as being capital theatre—there are many dramatic indications about this inarticulate, high-minded man, and this woman who has always seemed to swim out from under her own flood of words.

Mr. Philip Merivale as the surgeon gives one of the best performances of his career—there is nothing in it of the coyness with which he has sometimes, as it were, regaled us, or whatever the phrase should be—I mean a certain cloying of the cerebral passages, a sweet, sickening odor of archness with which he has sprayed certain performances of his in the past. This present creation of Mr. Merivale's is entirely up to his standard; his Dr. Talley is a conception that is wholly dignified and solid and high-bred.

Miss Ina Claire is giving us a performance completely pure and beautiful—marvelously expert, fluent to an extent that nobody else in our theatre could achieve, very simple, very right and very clear. All her mannerisms—crisp, flashy and obvious, though not to be despised in a theatre like ours where even a suggestion of charm is welcome—have disappeared. We watch her with a sense of pride and delight; we bless her and try to keep in mind some full remembrance of what she is doing in this performance that is so stylish, beautiful, accurate!

There then remains the play itself. The poetess, blessed with an insight, or intelligence, beyond the general run, is its starry pivot. The solution that Mr. Behrman provides is not familiar: the lady sees to that. This surgeon, she tells him to his face, has no power to understand the souls of others. He can only cut them up, and organize their organs as it were. The nuptials, it is true, of the two are about to be celebrated; but she dismisses that, drifting as she does so into a speech that is most serious and banal, banal and serious, not to say solemn. This is not the fault of Miss Claire—I might almost say it's not Mr. Behrman's fault, but rather Ibsen's. There were, it is true, earlier in the play suggestions of Sheridan and "*The Rivals*"—where the father was directing the son's plans for marriage. But at the end the lady is leaving home and has a good deal to say. The ensuing speeches become a little less tiresome than they are in "*The Doll's House*"; but when you come right down to it, they are very little less tiresome. We must talk about that.

It is a long time—naturally—since I began to think about this business. Clearly good taste is involved, the medium of words that would remain in good taste, et cetera, et cetera. So we have Nora in "*The Doll's House*" and Enid (Miss Ina Claire) in this play. The question can be shaken down to certain simple issues. Taking some of Nora's speeches in "*The Doll's House*," we can decide that either she lacks taste or that her dramatist, portraying her thus, lacks taste. If she lacks taste to that extent, she is a bore. In that case the dramatist should indicate his recognition of her lack of taste. The solution of this matter is to be found in some sort of passionate expression: Enid, for example, could say that this man's reactions make her sick of him. We should then have the logic of passion, since passion has its logic, but we should not have the logic of

prudism, which—both prudism and its logic—is tedious and unattractive, to say the least.

A great defect in the play's performance is Mr. Hiram Sherman's young professor. He gives it the accent of Times Square wisecracking and thus lowers the level of an excellent piece of dramatic writing. The basis of wit for this character consists in its possibility of seriousness.

STARK YOUNG

Black-and-White Trash

THE MOVIE MADE of "Tobacco Road" and called "Tobacco Road" is not only without edge or purpose, but in several departments is not very well made as a picture. And that is considering it for what it is, not for what someone expected, or predetermined it ought to be, or thought he spied with a finicking eye for similarity and difference. Its story is about a shiftless but lovable old cuss who is about to be thrown off his run-down land by bank foreclosure. Of his enormous family only the youngest boy and girl are left around the house, and when the young lout takes the eye of a greenly widowed evangelist with insurance money enough to bribe him into marriage with a new car, the old sinner sees a way to get his fingers on the rent money. He tries to steal the car and fails, and he and his sad, worn wife are about to go to the poor farm when in steps little Honor Bright, the neighborhood planter's son, with the necessary. End of picture.

The central idea is that the old man loves the land he was born on, though he never scratches it enough to stop an itch; and any further attempt to show the decay of the South and the degenerating effect of submarginal living is blotted out in the by-play necessary to keep such a simple, ancient plot creaking along. There are folky jokes and situations, there is a pretty terrible auto horn, and people occasionally give out on a hymn. The story does move in the sense that one thing happens after another, but the plain fact of the matter is that the only lively thing about the picture is in the purely technical values: good sets effectively lighted, or half-lighted; a triumph in the choice of location; and the fine camera work of Arthur Miller.

The acting is weak when it isn't downright bad, as in the insufferably noisy clowning of William Tracy and the hollow cry-babyism of Ward Bond. Charles Grapewin does a competent "character" part, but as Jeeter Lester he is merely an artful dodger for the minstrel-show time. Marjorie Rambeau, Gene Tierney and Elizabeth Patterson don't have much to do but don't seem to guess how well off they are; and the rest are merely types. This brings up the strangest thing of all, which is that John Ford should have taken on the job of directing such an idle brummagem, and having taken it on, should allow such vagaries in casting and such sniffing and capering and general hamfat on his own set. The difference between John Ford's bad pictures and his good pictures is so wide that you have to assume he neither knows actors nor how to hold them down, and that he is never sure whether he is working on a good story or not. For all the firm guiding hand that is evident here, about all he did for "Tobacco Road" as a movie fiction was to say "Cut," which is of course the word that is always left out of the finished picture.

Possibly this was a shade above such semi-pleasant futilities as "Banjo on My Knee," but I wouldn't know. Its conditions are just real enough and implicitly tragic enough to make burlesque of them offensive; while on the other hand it deliberately goes out to milk the tears of your compassion only to whip around behind every other minute and clout you on the backside with a slapstick. So the general effect is one of increasing indignation at the way it makes fools of its people and uses misery for irresponsible merriment. It isn't that tragedy and humor may not exist side by side, but that your respect for each must be forfeited when both are set at each other's throats in some meaningless, perpetual fury of Punch and Judy.

"Strawberry Blonde" could never have been a thoroughly sound picture because of a pale and self-defeating story. But it could have been a far better thing than it is—in fact it should have been, for it has Jim Cagney in it and some of those isolated situations, either of humor or of tenderness, which can happen to any story and can be lovely. It has some nostalgia to play around with, the chance for good fast talk, and a few gadgets, as for example the correspondence-school dentist, the neighborhood band. But with the heavy slugging in script of Julius and Philip Epstein, with the direction of Raoul Walsh, it never had a chance.

For all the mugging, word chewing, stiff-posing and flouncing that goes on, you would think they were trying to register this hateful of threadbare emotions in a camera set up across the river. The combined technical staff seems to have conspired in all this, for reel after reel puts the action against some of the most fraudulent, ill matched background work since the Dunning process was first tried out in somebody's cellar; they could have done half of it better against a set of painted flats—except that even the simple lighting of faces is a flickery business. What they have succeeded in without trying is to create the weird illusion, in technical and emotional effect, of a play from the eighties run off in its entirety before the cameras of the Astoria twenties.

As I said, the story deserves no better, though. The son of the neighborhood's drunk is always studying dentistry and always being kicked around by the neighborhood flash boy, in the matter of money and of girls. Continue with this for a while, with stop-offs for barber-shop quartets, black eyes, buggy rides, feminism and other forms of humor. Then the fancy promoter runs off with the girl, and the next we hear of him he is offering his struggling pal (now married to Another) a marvelous job. This turns out to be a front job for crooked contracting, and when the scandal breaks our hero takes a five-year rap. Having done his full time, Moe the Molar hangs out a shingle in neighborhood after neighborhood with no success until—well guess. Anyway his revenge against the great betrayer consists in an extraction without gas, because he has seen in a flash that success has not made the big man happy, whereas he himself has found happiness—though what he is going to feed it on we do not see before the fadeout.

My point is only that there were at least things that could have been done along the way, and that Cagney does not deserve such treatment whether the story does or not. He is the one point of light in it, and even manages to complete one of his tragic scenes before being hit in the ear again

with a bucket of clams (the one after he comes out of prison, hard of face in those poor clothes, and bitter). But light should have some reflection around it, and while George Tobias helps throughout and Miss de Haviland is quite fetching on her first date (and then fetches the same way all through) he might as well be shining inside some horse-drawn ambulance hung with black felt.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The newspaper [Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung] attacked detective novels as the "illegitimate offspring" of English literature, and charged they were used primarily to "stuff the heads of German readers with foreign ideas."

It objected particularly to the fact that in detective novels the police are frequently the butt of the author's wit. This, it said, "is pure liberalism grinning at us between the lines." — *Dispatch from Budapest in The New York Herald Tribune.*

In his honorary capacity as Chancellor of Oxford University, Lord Halifax was once present as guest of honor at a High Table banquet. Just as he was in the middle of a sentence, probably about moral values, a waiter spilled a plate of soup over his dinner jacket. Without the slightest concern His Lordship rose, took off the coat, sat down in his shirtsleeves and picked up the sentence where he left it. The awestruck undergraduates who witnessed this incident still speak of it as an exhibition of a British gentleman's unshakable aplomb. But it is even more remarkable as proof of Lord Halifax's patient acceptance of material adversity and his deep absorption in things of the spirit. — *From an article in Life Magazine.*

Our Democratic Culture: Barking-Dogs Division

I certainly agree . . . that opera in New York has always been a democratic institution, inasmuch as the top galleries are usually overcrowded and also the space for the standees downstairs. — *From a letter by Dr. Walter Damrosch in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Spots on the Old School Tie

The Bulletin takes this opportunity of informing alumni that C—— D—— P——, who graduated from the Academy in 1934, is cashing cheques on banks where he has no accounts and is otherwise seeking to raise money under false pretenses among Exeter alumni. To do this he is also misrepresenting the interest and responsibilities of the Academy and Dr. Perry in his concerns. It would appear that P——, unfortunately, is not to be trusted in financial matters. — *Addendum to the Phillips Exeter Bulletin, Vol. XXXVII, No. 4.*

You Wouldn't Know the Old Place Now

It was Wollstein who, in 1934, was brought to trial in a special German court and accused of having said, "Hitler is fooling the people the same as the others." He was convicted but not punished because the court decided that what he had said was untrue, and was merely political criticism, anyhow. — *From The New York Times.*

Total-War Department

The work in the army isn't hard, it just gets tiresome. The only time you can lay down to sleep is from 11:30 A. M. to 12 noon to 1 o'clock, then again at 4:30 P. M. After retreat at 5 P. M., your day in the army is supposed to be all done, but sometimes it isn't. — *Letter in The Belloc Falls, Vt., Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Representative Wadsworth Protests

SIR: A copy of The New Republic's supplement, "Democratic Defense" [February 17] has just been brought to my attention. In glancing through it I encounter an article entitled, "We Have Repeated Britain's Mistakes." The name of the author of the article is not given, and it is therefore not practical for me to address him. Consequently, I beg leave to call your attention to a statement made in the article which to my mind is shocking. I refer to the fourth paragraph, in which it is stated that the two chiefs of the War Department (Secretary and Assistant Secretary) "failed in any way to awaken sleeping and decadent army officers, whose social activities and personal well-being conditioned their entire outlook." It is this characterization of the officers in the War Department against which I protest most strenuously.

For many years I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance of three Chiefs of Staff of the army, General Douglas MacArthur, General Malin Craig and General George C. Marshall. Their services as Chiefs of Staff have covered nearly ten years, if my recollection is correct. The Chief of Staff, under the law, is the military adviser of the Secretary of War and of the President. I happen to know, most positively, that these men and their subordinates in the General Staff, and in many of the bureaus,

long since recognized the fact that the United States army was not keeping pace with modern developments. I happen to know, most positively, that upon many occasions these men, supported by their subordinates, recommended most earnestly that the army be enabled, through adequate appropriations, to modernize itself, especially by the acquisition of a large number of additional airplanes, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, modern tanks, modern field artillery, modern small arms and many other items the possession of which is essential for the equipment and training of a fast-moving, mechanized army.

Their official recommendations, couched in most emphatic language, can be found in their respective annual reports. Time and again they recommended to the budget the granting of appropriations which would make the army-modernization program feasible. Again and again those appropriations were refused by the authority in control of the budget. In fact, it was not until late in 1938, and more especially in the year 1939, that the advice and warning of these officers began to receive respectful attention. Just where the responsibility for this delay lies I leave to the author of the article to determine. Most certainly it does not lie with the officers I have mentioned and their subordinates on the General Staff, who, having studied the problem for years, begged for an opportunity to solve it.

To call these officers "decadent" is atrocious, and to say that

their "social activities and personal well-being condition their entire outlook" is at once silly and false. No intelligent person knowing these men and knowing the facts would indodge in such a slander.

J. W. WADSWORTH

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

[We are glad to give space to this letter from Representative Wadsworth, but a reading of the sentence from our supplement that he quotes will show that his indignation is scarcely justified. We said "sleeping and decadent army officers," not "all army officers" or "all army officers including the three successive Chiefs of Staff." It is obvious that there are good officers and bad ones.

Mr. Wadsworth's penultimate sentence is just a piece of semantics. A great many well informed persons have criticized the War Department more harshly than we did; for example, Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, in Harpers Magazine for March. This officer of the American army for many years says that "there is much evidence pointing to the fact that [the American General Staff] might have done even worse than the French General Staff [in 1940]. . . . Our present army system is unfit for modern war." — THE EDITORS]

Community Farms

SIR: Mr. Wickard, the Secretary of Agriculture, lucidly and cogently analyzes the farm problem in his article, "The Future of the Farm" [The New Republic, February 3], but he is not so lucid or cogent in his proposed measures of solving the farm problem. This is not said in a disparaging sense. To my knowledge no formula advanced by any school of thought offers a solution. We have arrived at that stage of civilization where conditions permit, indeed compel, us to complement our community schools and community churches with community farms. They will not come about by fiat of Congress, but by pioneers with vision and faith.

Miami, Fla.

PHILIP WEISS

The Poets' Bloody Corner

SIR: I did not write to protest Randall Jarrell's review of December 9, where he most unfairly reviled Frederic Prokosch, one of the best poets of my generation, and where he said of Ezra Pound, a very great poet, "the versification of the Cantos is very interesting: there is none." I did not bother to protest, as I was confident that the editors of The New Republic would be immediately aware of their mistake once they took the trouble of getting acquainted with Mr. Jarrell's own verse.

Now Mr. Jarrell comes forth again [The New Republic, February 17] to castigate Conrad Aiken and Raymond Holden. I am not here concerned with the respective merits of these poets and their new books. What I am concerned with is the obvious fact that Mr. Jarrell has not the slightest conception of poetry and the critical method.

He says that if you deprive Mr. Aiken of his favorite words he would be unable to write poetry at all. This is precisely why Mr. Aiken does sometimes write good poetry: he has favorite words with which he lives, into which he has infused a semblance of life. Deprive Dante of his favorite words, and he would have been unable to write poetry. Dante said so repeatedly, and when he dropped a single word, "Light," he was unable to proceed further. Deprive Keats, or Wordsworth, or Yeats of their favorite words and what have you? What Mr. Jarrell really means to say is that he despises and distrusts language that is brought to life. A poet must have favorite words; he cannot bring just any language to life.

Mr. Jarrell states (and here he gives himself away), "I think Merlin is stuck in the oak tree for good; what goes on now goes

on in the best of all possible worlds, one's own head." What Mr. Jarrell is really saying is that poetry should be a matter of abstract intellection, not imagination, which thrives on Merlin and oak trees. Mr. Jarrell's own verse is pretentiously metaphysical, devoid of concrete thought and imagination. It is the imagination, and the imagination alone—as Aristotle, as Dante, as Vico and all the great critics have pointed out—that distinguishes the real work of art, for imagination is the intermediary between sensation and intellection, and without it neither sensation nor intellection can be communicated. The sole reason for which Coleridge attacked the metaphysical poets was that they were intellectual without concrete belief, without imagination. Furthermore, just where on earth did Mr. Jarrell ever suppose Merlin and the oak tree existed when they were used creatively in the past? Why, in the imagination, the only part of the head that is communicable in poetry.

I have always thought and I still think that The New Republic is the best weekly published in America. You have been generous to me as a poet, and this is why I find it hard to say what I am forced to say now. Mr. Jarrell's whole thesis reduces itself to this: poetry is more or less meaningless, or else some form of superior intellectual amusement. It may be that none of the poets Mr. Jarrell has attacked is of value, but the matter goes deeper: his very method of attack implies that poetry is without value, or else should be as valueless as his own verse. I resent this attitude and I can see only sterility and disillusion in Mr. Jarrell's course. I must, therefore, ask that you either justify Mr. Jarrell or else apologize to Mr. Pound, Mr. Prokosch and Mr. Aiken. Failing that, please cancel my subscription.

Cape Cottage, Me.

J. V. HEALY

SIR: In your issue of February 17, Frederic Prokosch promises to publish "no further verses" in America. We are not ungrateful for this welcome offer, but we should like to inquire if Mr. Prokosch would extend this offer to his novels?

Cambridge, Mass.

H. C. LISTOWEL

SIR: 1. I think Mr. Jarrell is good; and probably will, until he gets around to going to work on me.

2. But oh fie, and double fie on him, the naughty man, to throw poor Freddie Prokosch into such a frightful pout, or dither.

3. Is there any way the latter can be held to the promise of his penultimate paragraph? I will lay anybody six, two, and even, he falters in that heroic resolution. It's really too frightful; as Edmund Burke said, you can't indict a whole nation.

4. (But seriously.) Don't listen to this obscurantist argument that books of poetry should not be reviewed by poets. I have a vested interest to protect, of course; but with all due allowance for their peevish and prejudices, and for the limitations set by their own ways of working, who knows more about poetry than poets? And over the whole of literary history, name six outstanding poets who were bad critics; or six outstanding critics of poetry who were not poets themselves, *in esse or in posse*.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

SIR: I don't know very much what all the controversy *re* Mr. Jarrell is about, being an unlettered and somewhat inarticulate painter, but as a genuine and critical lover of poetry, I sense in this Mr. Jarrell a kind of arrogance and ignorance which is carefully concealed by Ph.D. verbiage. One can smell the same thing out in would-be art critics. Good critics are as rare as good creators, but do you have to have one quite so mean and smart-boy as this Mr. Jarrell?

New York City

SELMA KRUGER

SIR: I would like to join hands with Malcolm Cowley for his remarks on the poetry-reviewing of Randall Jarrell [The New

Republic, February 24]. I wish Mr. C. had made one sporting proposition, though. Let's have Mr. J. clear his name as a criticky by writing one interesting review, with quotes, about a book that for some reason or other pleases him. But Mr. Cowley doesn't tell all himself. Conrad Aiken has probably been done dirt, but that is a thing he does himself when another poet is fed to him, and I still remember how he once got so perfectly furious at the thought of A. E. Housman that he managed to call him, in the same breath, "definitely somewhat arid." And he produced in *The New Republic* a sentence I copied out and have saved for reasons of my own. I'm not hoarding and you can have it for the reading:

The slightly too dactylic, dittylike use of the octosyllabic quatrains, coupled with the characteristically too-thumping use of Universals, an attitudinizing rotundity, produce now and then an effect perilously close to that of the "Barrack Room Ballads."

On the whole, that's a line to be read aloud—but not to me.
New York City WADSWORTH MULROONEY

Foreseeing the Unforeseeable

SIR: Some of us oldsters of the last European war have come to expect the unexpected out of war. Who foresaw in 1914 the British suffragette, woman suffrage in the U. S. A., prohibition, gangsterism and kidnaping?

Nevertheless the other evening we played the game of foreseeing the unforeseeable, and some of the outcome from the current war that my friends predicted was: Dominion status in the British Empire for the U. S. A.; elimination of the Canadian boundary and of French Canada as a cultural entity; the Vatican established in Washington (a prediction first made, as far as I know, by a Britisher in general conversation thirty years ago); reform of court procedure throughout the American dominion, also decrease of murder, increase of social-security legislation, improvement in speaking and writing the English language, and lastly a market for "white elephants," as Henry James once tagged some of the country estates of our Atlantic seaboard.

New York City

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

Uncensored from Paris

[The following letter from France was received uncensored in the United States. It was accompanied by samples of satirical leaflets, attacking Laval, Otto Abetz and the policy of collaboration with Germany, which are being copied and distributed by the chain-letter method. — THE EDITORS]

Resistance has sprung up, instinctively. It is now being organized consciously. The walls are covered with inscriptions, the posters of "French" papers and the posters of German propaganda are slashed. In the cinemas the German newsreels and their commentaries in French are received with laughs. The German authorities have closed certain theatres and have threatened to suppress all of them. At present they turn on the lights and police arrive in the house at the moment the newsreels come on.

In the Latin Quarter there has been serious rioting at the d'Harcourt and other cafés. Some collegians whistled "Tipperary," and the Germans present wanted to turn these young men out. Battle. Some Storm Troopers who were in the basement intervened with brutality. They say there was one death.

On November 11 five or six hundred young men and young girls went to place flowers at the Arc de Triomphe. At the sight of a small troop of "Young Front" (a French Hitlerian organization of young anti-Semites) saluting the Unknown Soldier, in Nazi style, our girls and boys protested, sang the Marseillaise, and immediately were assailed by the Germans, who at first shot with blank cartridges and then used bullets. There were

wounded and dead. Next day the rector of the university was dismissed and the Germans required the closing of all the Faculties. The students are required to come every day to register at the police commissariats of their quarter. All those whose families were in the provinces were sent home to them within forty-eight hours. Others were sent to the labor camps. A great number were condemned to prison.

Some time before this, as it was forbidden to declare oneself in favor of the De Gaulle movement, the students had organized a procession, each one holding in his hand a fishing-pole and crying "Vive de —! Vive de —!" ("gaule" is pole).

Our journalists receive many anonymous letters and are forced to realize that the "collaboration" will not be easily swallowed.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Glenway Wescott's article, "The Moral of Scott Fitzgerald" (*The New Republic*, February 17) has been praised by several readers, among them B. Russell Herts, New York City. Mr. Herts especially admired the "sharpness and precision of the stiletto used on Westbrook Pegler," in the course of the article. He had been waiting for a long time to see a cutting instrument used on that gentleman. . . . H. Baugh, Philadelphia, thinks one clause of Freda Utley's letter (*The New Republic*, February 3) should have been printed on the opposite page, in the Bandwagon column, the clause saying, "Hitler has allowed thousands of Jews, Socialists and liberals to leave Germany." . . . The *New Republic's* supplement, "Democratic Defense" (February 17) drew the rating of "Excellent, excellent," from Marian Hubbard, Kalamazoo, Michigan. "But why," she asks, "doesn't the President move toward drastic reorganization? Why isn't Mayor LaGuardia used, and Mr. Corcoran, and others of proved New Deal caliber and ability?" Also, why did *The New Republic* omit discussion of the irresponsible and racketeering practices of some labor leaders?

Frank Venes, Brooklyn, awaits with interest the developments in the organization of the New Republic Committee for Democratic Defense. He hopes that it will grow to be a vigorous body of men "who really desire to breathe the air of a living democracy." Further news of the committee will be announced in *The New Republic* in the immediate future.

Marian Brand, recording secretary of the Descendants of the American Revolution, Inc., referring to the letter of resignation of thirteen members of that organization on the ground that the executive committee acted undemocratically in adopting a resolution opposing H. R. 1776 [*The New Republic*, February 24], says that it is the function of the national executive committee to act for the membership in applying the policies of the organization. She says that the resolution in question was sent to each chapter with the suggestion that membership discussion should be sought on it and that no chapter recorded any official objection.

We omitted the American Friends of a Jewish Palestine, Inc., from our list of organizations aiding refugees [*The New Republic*, January 13]. Sorry.

Did You See It in the Papers? — Good news from Illinois on civil liberty. Criminal-syndicalism charges against two men and two women, for attempting to obtain signatures for petitions to put Communist candidates on the ballot, were dropped in Lewiston. The ILD had charge of the legal aspects of the case. . . . Two new magazines: SOS, published by Student Defenders of Democracy, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City, "to inform American students of their stake in the present world struggle"; and one for young children that a million or so parents will be glad to know about, True Comics, the first educational magazine in the format of the dismal "comics" that children are so hot after these days. The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, is putting it out.

Georges Simenon

IN THE OLD DAYS in Paris there was a friend of mine who could not sleep without reading for an hour or so. Often at night he would come back alone to his apartment to find there nothing he had not already read and would go out again in search of a book, whose print could be put between him and the day's disquiet, any book, to distract his mind so that he could sleep. Now the only places in Paris where books could be bought at a late hour were the railroad stations. One night, in the dimly lit stall of the Gare Saint-Lazare, on the shelf of *romans policiers* in their lurid covers, he came on a book by Georges Simenon. He went off with "Monsieur Gallet, Décédé" and the next night found "Le Pendu de Saint-Pholien"; a month later there was a third, for it was at intervals of one month that the volumes devoted to the adventures of Maigret appeared. It was at this point that he passed the books on to me, with the enthusiastic announcement that there had been nothing so original in detective fiction since Sherlock Holmes was carried to the immortals in a hansom cab.

I must say that it took more than one volume to overcome my distrust. I am no great reader of detective tales, but even I knew that in France they belong to the lower depths of literature. Nothing lower was allowed to be sold in the railroad stations. And yet, Simenon's originality was at once obvious to me, and it was not long before I discovered that he was a serious writer, serious in a way that Conan Doyle could never have dreamed of being.

To be sure, his detective is not startlingly original. Simenon, when he made him, might have gone round to the Quai des Orfèvres and taken the first member of the Police Judiciaire he happened to run into as model. Outwardly, there is nothing much to distinguish Maigret from any professional detective under the Third Republic. He smokes a pipe and drinks a fair amount of beer. He lives, appropriately enough, in the République quarter with an Alsatian wife, who, as one might expect of a good housewife from that region, makes excellent *quiches*. Maigret is trustworthy. He is a heavy-set man; but more important is the impression he gives—to use words which Simenon applies not to him, but to another character—"of a sort of stability, both physical and moral, that is positively staggering." His nerves are sensitive as they must be, but sound; he is sure of his skill, and only rarely is his self-assurance exaggerated. About all that Simenon has done to turn a professional detective into Maigret is to make him into a decent man. He is a capable paid servant of the Third Republic. But there are times when he seems much more than that, when, with his comprehending pity and his patience in applying power, Maigret comes close to being what was best, what was most human, in the Third Republic.

Simenon's originality consists in this, that, in the thirty volumes which he has written about the adventures of Maigret, he has created a form of detective fiction into which real characters can enter. For if his detective is convincing, his criminals are credible. They are the same small people who used to be reported in the *faits divers* of the Paris newspapers, as having run foul of the police. They are those provincials whose crimes were ignored in Paris save by the police. In Simenon's novels they are simply

brought closer and made comprehensible. Their crimes, most of them, arise out of the sordidness of living and are only remotely provoked by passion. They may have come about—and this is the most frequent situation—through the necessity to shore up some small threatened position, some meager and dismal security, too hardly won to be let go for a scruple. In "The Flemish Shop," which is one of the two stories translated here,¹ murder is committed to prevent the son of the house from compromising his future by marriage to a factory girl, whom he loves just enough to have got her with child. In "The 'Guinnette' by the Seine," the other story, crime occurs as the result of an escapade which, as it turned out, was not the escape it promised to be from the inexorable dullness of existence on a thousand francs a month. Simenon's are almost always middle-class crimes.

French literature has always been more conscious of its own conventions than any other literature. The story goes that Georges Simenon began by writing four straight novels and, only when he was convinced that these were failures, turned to the detective novel. But having done so, he is nothing if not scrupulous in observing its conventions. He does not, as so many British and American writers of detective stories do when they get a little above themselves, mix his *genres*. As long as Simenon holds to Maigret, he continues to write *romans policiers*, and now that he has dropped his policeman, he still holds to that most valuable literary convention of the detective story—that is, the story itself, which, simply because they considered it to be a literary convention, was discarded by most serious French writers of fiction after Maupassant.

As a form, the detective story is partial to cardboard characters and notoriously fatal to any real emotion. There does not seem to be any good reason why this should be so, unless it is that the readers of detective stories demand not to be moved. In the novel as we ordinarily know it, the high point is reached when the protagonist realizes his own predicament. In the detective novel the high point is reached when the predicament in which the criminal has involved himself as the result of his crime is recognized by another, the detective, who is usually hostile and always menacing. Hence the criminal, as well as all those suspected of the crime or concerned with it, must be created from the outside. But to a countryman of Maupassant's there should be nothing formidable about creating a character, first, by presenting him in his social background and then by detaching him from it by his own speech and actions. And whatever difficulty there is in introducing real creatures into a detective story, Simenon has got round by devising for Maigret the theory that it is never the criminal who is caught by the police, but the man. What he waits for is the "human fissure," when the criminal cracks and the man who committed the crime is revealed in all his human strength and weakness.

Simenon begins by reminding us, both in his gifts and his limitations, of Maupassant. When he tells a story, it is done with a conscious skill and at the same time it seems to have been prompted by some inner compulsion, as though to tell stories were a necessary activity of his being. His char-

¹ Maigret to the Rescue, by Georges Simenon. Translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 309 pages. \$2.

acters have until recently been created like those of Mau-
passant from outside; but they belong not to a France which
had just known the Franco-Prussian War, but to a France
between two wars, between a defeat of the Germans and
a defeat by the Germans. And the air they breathe is alive
with an immense disquietude, which increases as Simenon
goes on, until in the latest of his novels to reach this coun-
try, "Malempin," which was printed just ten days before
the Germans invaded his country, the atmosphere is heavy
with helplessness and tense with dread. It is a simple little
story, but as sinister in its implications as anything ever
written by Julian Green. War is not mentioned, and I can-

not remember much mention of politics in Simenon. Yet
the position of the people in his novels is, in a small way, the
position of France in the world. They are trying, as France
was between Versailles and Munich, to maintain a situa-
tion beyond their means. To outward appearance they are
sound, but as I reread Simenon it seems to me that it is not
altogether because the detective story demands such de-
vices that the outward show of his characters is so deceiving.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

On page 349 is a review of recent crime fiction. "Crimes
of a Month" will appear every four weeks. —THE EDITORS

Books in Review

The Next-to-Longest Novel

WITH GLAZED EYES and swollen lids, I have just fin-
ished "The World of the Thibaults"¹ in the com-
plete English translation—both volumes and all the 1,900
pages. It isn't fair to blame Roger Martin du Gard, a kindly
man and a conscientious writer, for the dull headache that
comes from reading too much. Yet I wonder whether this
business of writing oversize novels hasn't been carried much
too far, since Marcel Proust first set the fashion. Is there
any human subject that can't be treated in a hundred or at
most two hundred thousand words, instead of spinning the
story out to nearly a million? Is there any reason for be-
lieving that a novel published in eleven books—as this one
was in France—is eleven times or even twice as good as a
novel in one reasonably large volume with a beginning, a
middle and an end, and not too many extraneous incidents?
Isn't it possible that giantism in fiction is quite as unhealthy
a symptom as giantism in business or architecture or armies?

The least one can say is that the author who writes an
inordinately long novel is like the orator who delivers an
inordinately long speech: he is disregarding the capacity
for attention of his audience. Either the book must be
leisurely sampled over a period of weeks, in which case the
reader is likely to have forgotten the beginning before reach-
ing the end; or else it must be read as a reviewer's chore,
hour after hour and day after day, in which case it leaves
one with aching eyes and perhaps a blurred picture of the
author's intentions. And the author, too, is running a risk.
Any man who sets out to write a 2,000-page novel is bet-
ting against fate and human experience that he can remain
unchanged until the book is finished. He is also betting that
the world he describes will remain unchanged, instead of
being shattered to pieces. After starting a novel of con-
temporary life, he may end by writing ancient history.

Something like that has happened with Jules Romains,
whose "Men of Good Will" is far from being completed,
although it is already the longest serious novel of all time.

¹ The World of the Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. Trans-
lated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: The Viking Press. Vol. I, The
Thibaults; 871 pages, \$3. Vol. II, Summer 1914; 1,008 pages,
\$3.50. 2 vols., boxed, \$6.

Martin du Gard is more fortunate, since he had finished
"The World of the Thibaults" before Paris fell. Yet the
book was twenty years in the writing, with the first of its
eleven volumes started not long after the Armistice and the
last published in the midst of another war. We should not
be surprised that the theme of it changed in the middle, or
that it can best be approached as two separate novels.

The book started out as what the French call a "river
novel," flowing on from volume to volume. Apparently the
author intended to make an extended study of family life
in the *haute bourgeoisie*, choosing as his examples the
Thibaults and their neighbors the Fontanins. He would
show how Oscar Thibault, a rich and pious Catholic, tyr-
annized over his two sons without ceasing to love them. He
would show how the sons hated their father and rebelled
against him—Antoine, the elder, becoming a rather com-
monplace atheist, while Jacques, the younger, transformed
his private emotions toward the family into a revolt against
bourgeois society as a whole. At the same time, he would
make it clear that both Antoine and Jacques were molded
in their father's image. He would portray the Fontanins as
a Protestant family ruled by the mother, who was a kindlier
soul than Oscar Thibault, yet in her own way just as domi-
neering. The novel would be written—quite consciously, it
seems—under the influence of André Gide. It would em-
body a good deal of his philosophy, would present several
characters modeled after those in "The Counterfeiters,"
and would even repeat some of his characteristic phrases.

Seven books of the novel had been finished by 1929; all
of them are included in the first of the two big American
volumes. In writing them, Martin du Gard had remained
moderately faithful to his plan—but, like a moderately
faithful husband, he had found other interests outside the
family. Some of the independent episodes—like the love
affair between Antoine and the equestrienne—had become
almost as important as the main theme. Already one could
say that the novel as a whole was not so much a river as a
chain of lakes—some deep and clear, others shallow, and
with only a rivulet connecting them.

In 1930, the author had finished an eighth book, dealing
with the adventures of Jacques Thibault among the inter-
national revolutionists. The manuscript was never delivered
to his publishers. For Martin du Gard had a moral crisis,

during which he decided that his novel was moving in the wrong direction, was failing to treat the real issue of his time. He tore up the book he had called "Under Sail" and started to work on the three volumes of "Summer 1914." Here, family matters have retreated into the background, even though the author finds room for a desperate love affair between Jacques Thibault and Jenny de Fontanin. Jacques instead of Antoine is now the principal character, and the principal subject is the coming of the war.

Through his Socialist group, which has members in every European capital and a private intelligence service, Jacques is kept almost as well informed of international maneuvers as the diplomats themselves. From Geneva, he has an eagle's-eye view of the events that follow the murder at Serajevo. Moreover, he is sent on missions to Berlin, to Brussels, and twice to Paris, where he haunts the meeting places of Socialist politicians and hears the shot that killed Jaurès. His information is almost too complete to be completely credible, as fiction. In one sense, "Summer 1914" might be read as a fair-minded and impressively documented treatise on war guilt. But it is also, in the end, a surprisingly effective novel.

The influence of Gide has practically disappeared from its philosophy and its method. In this section of his work, Martin du Gard's fictional technique is at least as old as Zola's: it consists in the simple and realistic treatment of events, with nothing left to chance, with no experimental or poetic writing, and with the author's personality kept strictly out of the picture. Scrupulously fair, he presents all points of view—those of Cabinet Ministers, of the conservative middle classes, of the fire-eating Royalists, of the international Socialists and Anarchists, of the workingmen in the streets. Sometimes one gets pretty impatient with him for trying to say everything; part of his exposition might have been left to the historians. Yet slowly he rises to the emotional level of his subject, writing with more and more intensity as the story continues. Day by day he notes the changes in the collective mood of Paris—from indifference to alarm, from alarm to gestures of rebellion, from rebellion to surrender in the face of what seems inevitable, from surrender to a mad patriotic fervor. And the tempo of his story grows more clearly marked from page to page, until finally everything is timed to the tramp of hobnailed boots and the clank of guns through the Paris streets, all moving toward the front.

Then comes an episode that is pure nightmare. Jacques, who has remained faithful to his international ideals when almost everyone else has abandoned them, plans a last suicidal attempt to stop the war. He will fly over the lines in an airplane, scattering leaflets that call upon the soldiers of both sides to lay down their arms. But the plane has hardly left the Swiss border when it crashes in Alsace. Horribly mutilated, unable to speak but still breathing—an object wrapped in bandages and splints from a packing case, so that the soldiers refer to him as "Chinaware"—Jacques is carried along in the vast disorder of the French retreat, until finally a gendarme puts a bullet through his head. That is the real end of the novel. The epilogue, designed to round off the story and unite the two themes of war and family, impressed me as being a somber and rather tedious anticlimax—though by the time I reached it, my eyes were too tired to make me a fair judge.

"Summer 1914" is the work for which Martin du Gard will be remembered and for which he deserved to receive the Nobel Prize. In the easy-running translation by Stuart Gilbert, it can be enjoyed almost as much as in the author's pedestrian French. Yet it would have been better, I think, if it had been written quite independently, without regard to the family affairs of the Thibaults and the Fontanins. Standing alone, without seven other books as an introduction and without an epilogue, it would be even more impressive. It could then be read for itself, and with clearer eyes.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Vitamins and Social Policy

The American and His Food, by Richard Osborn Cummings. University of Chicago Press. 278 pages. \$2.50.

Vitamins, What They Are and How They Can Benefit You, by Henry Borsook. New York: The Viking Press. 160 pages. \$2.

BAKERY WAGONS are now appearing with freshly printed placards announcing Bread Enriched with Vitamin B₁—At No Extra Cost. Similar labels adorn new sacks of flour just coming onto grocery-store shelves. The labels and the placards have something of historic as well as advertising value, for they are the first visible signs marking the deliberate, nationwide revolutionizing of a staple food for health reasons.

Back of the labels and placards, and the new enriched bread and flour now becoming available, lie months of conferences among scientists, government officials, millers and bakers. During them each man, in the democratic way, was able to give his views of how and why the nourishing qualities of our staff of life, white bread and white flour, should be improved. Still longer ago, stretching back fifty years, lies the careful research of scientists all over the world who discovered and demonstrated conclusively the importance of "the little things in food," the vitamins and minerals about which we are hearing and reading so much today.

As a result of these researches, the science of nutrition has advanced, as Professor Cummings tells us, "to the point where it is firmly established not only as a branch of preventive medicine but as a major instrument of social policy." Its début in that role is the revolution now being wrought in white bread and flour.

Bread was not always considered the staff of life in America. Frontier housewives gave that title to pork, holding bread as mere relish. Professor Cummings has drawn on a wide variety of sources, ranging from travel accounts to cookbooks, to give a vivid picture of what Americans have eaten, how they have obtained their food, and what they have paid for it during the past one hundred and fifty years. This book is more than an entertaining chronicle of changes in dietary customs and habits, for the author is conscious, and makes the reader conscious, of the social implications of the changes.

This same theme is stressed in the opening chapters of Professor Borsook's book about vitamins. Social-reform campaigns, he says, should attempt not only the abolition of slums but also the improvement of hygiene, sanitation and diet. Those engaged in providing relief for large popula-

tions are reminded that in the long view the quality of the diet is more important than the quantity—a point emphasized by the terse statement: "Animals and babies on vitamin-deficient diets may die with full stomachs."

The major portion of this book is given over to what the author aptly terms a "Cook's tour of the vitamins." In these chapters the layman will learn why he needs vitamins, where to find them in foods, how much of them he needs and how much of each is contained in portions of common foods. The "average adult" will be comforted to learn that, while vitamins are not cure-alls, he will, through extensive and intelligent use of them, be less frequently "conscious of his insides, his teeth, joints and nerves" and may postpone the onset of old age. Professor Borsook does not believe vitamins should be reserved solely for curing or preventing disease. He calls for their domestication in the kitchens of the nation to promote the highest state of national health. His book, because of its many practical features such as sample menus and vitamin tables, should do much to help with that process.

JANE STAFFORD

The Strénuous Life, in Covers

Highroad to Adventure, edited by Earl P. Hanson. New York: Robert McBride and Company. 600 pages. \$3.

Kabloona, by Gontran de Poncins. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 351 pages. \$3.

THE EDITOR of "Highroad to Adventure" is an explorer himself, and has long been interested in the wide literature of the men who eternally knock about the world. He brings out here a collection of twenty-three accounts of the life of danger, ranging from T. E. Lawrence and Winston Churchill to Richard Henry Dana and William H. Prescott ("Conquest of Peru"); from Vladimir Zen-zinov and René Belbenoit ("Escape from Devil's Island") to Edward Ellsberg, Lindbergh, Stefansson. The selection is pretty arbitrary, and heavily weighted with explorers (for which we can too often read "adventurers with an incidental charter"). And certainly some of the inclusions are lesser stuff than many omissions—the wide literature of conquering North America, for example. But you would rather read than quibble, and it is a book for reading.

The introduction is brief and very finely to the point. The travel-and-adventure shelf has some of the best reading in the world, and some of the world's very worst. The reason for the difference, he thinks, can be summed up in the word sincerity (this is true but only half of it: sincerity never made a writer yet, and writers make reading). And then he says a welcome thing: "The test of a legitimate adventure—legitimate in so far as it thrills me—is whether the person who suffered it had any real business in being where he was and doing what he did . . . outside of planning to write a book later." That's a swath through the best-seller lists for you—and through some of this book.

The line is not easy to draw. In the case of the human fly or flagpole sitter the endurance and danger are there, but without fundamental tragic meaning or bid to the heart. But those noble fellows who have carried the world's honest work over the ice and under the sun have volunteered for that duty because of some obscure personal need to do and dare in the first place, unbearably impatient of the non-

heroic but essential order of stand-and-wait. There are always Miniver Cheevys who must navigate something dangerous with a soup ladle and a hollow log. But there are also some who would explore or fly or sail in the world's services if they could get in, but cannot. These are as stalwart of impulse as the stalwarts—Wolfgang Lange-wiesche, for example, a born flyer cursed to amateurism through near-sightedness (his fine book, "I'll Take the Highroad," came out in 1939). Alan Villiers might be called another, a born sailing-ship man in a steam age, who has probably found out more about Arab dhows and their ancient high tradition than any man, but whose "Sons of Sinbad" (late 1940) is like the experience he gained in it, of little or no further use. There is Jack London exploiting his absurd and nearly tragic Snark; there were the fantastic Ritters on Galapagos. All these people did what they had to do personally, risked and labored greatly. But they were not in harness, and so the action to which they gave as much as Clark and Boone, Cook and Richthofen and Magellan, always has the air of the dramatically inconsequential that so used to madden working seamen when the college boys would crowd in as ordinaries for a summer. They got their thrill and blood and sweat but somehow they had not bought it. And it is always in their books.

"Kabloona" is an exceptionally well felt and well written account of a year of hardship in the Arctic; and the author's patient inquiring intelligence and unassuming humanity make this diligence of his in note taking and polishing automatically a source book for ethnology in general. I should warn you that the publisher has warned the reviewers that this is not just a book about Eskimos, and so you may expect to hear quite a lot more of that phrase. For your information, it is exactly a book about Eskimos.

Poncins left France for Northern Canada and then pushed up toward the last dim outposts of the Hudson Bay Company; with the single factor for the King William Land post he holed in for the winter. He did his share of the endless chores, he sketched and took pictures and kept a full diary. He watched the Eskimos, studying their practices and language. And when he got a chance, he would go off with them for days or weeks to a fishing or sealing camp, eating their frozen fish, blubber and caribou, keeping up with their killing pace, observing the difficult and often suffocating ceremonies of inter- and intra-igloo society. The special charm of the book lies in the fact of his trying so hard to understand the Eskimo by getting to think like him, to become an accepted good fellow in his home and work. Not to record the surface differences, the dull catalogue of tribal and family custom, but to reach the true understanding of how in the life he lives a man feels as he does.

Probably the most important account in the book is that of the author's stay in a remote colony where the sealing is better, and there is practically no white influence still, and where there is still much grace of living (outside of a noble Roman Catholic priest living out his life in an ice hut 150 degrees below zero, Poncins believes he is the second white man ever to have gone there). This is the idyll part of the book, which has little idyll in it, for it is never of the noble-savage order. The Eskimos are a poverty-stricken race in general, and their ways are not pretty even at best. At their worst, which the author never spares you, they are purely repulsive in our eyes. The two high things he found—and

they are wide things, things we have not generally—were a perfectly communal way of life and ethic, and an unquenchable sunny kind of cheer.

Of course such a book must also give you the experience of the man behind it, so that you travel with him vicariously and wonder about him. But it is a subdued kind of book; most of the travel here is back through thousands of years to a stone-age world, and much of the adventure is of the mind and spirit. Wherefore, since he is 20-percent over-length on repetitions alone and too often confuses with unresolved contradictions, you should be informed that it is somewhat a dull book. It is a rare thing and seems a good true thing to know; but it will not be an exciting piece of reading for you unless you are naturally avid for Eskimos.

Poncins is another of the men who for some reason have to lose half the flesh off their bones in a most difficult way in order to "find themselves," whatever that is. But this is perhaps occupational, and certainly you will find him a level head in the quiet, shrewd chapters of his book. He has enough writing English to do most of it himself, with the collaboration of Lewis Galantière (who was caught napping only once that I saw, but it was a lulu: Poncins, in speaking of the sketch he made of an Eskimo homosexual, said he checked it against a photograph for fear the likeness might seem afterwards "the fruit of my imagination"). And the book is more than generously illustrated with his really good line drawings, water colors and camera work. In all, perhaps I should have said that the number of those who are that way about Eskimos will be greatly increased by the time "Kabloona" gets around. OTIS FERGUSON

Crimes of a Month

WHERE DO English writers get the odd scraps that they pin together to make what they seem to think are American characters? There's one in "Death in Ecstasy" (Sheridan House) that just about ruins Ngaio Marsh's carefully constructed guessing game for her American readers, because they will probably get so sore at what appears to be just another offensive distortion of their countrymen that they won't be able to take him dispassionately as a piece in the puzzle. It's a good puzzle, as murders go, involving dopesters and queers and erotics and phonies that could be really sinister if the author and detectives didn't treat them with such maidenly distaste. A dash of Mr. Hammett's ungloved handling would have stiffened it up no end. It is apparently early Ngaio Marsh, before the charming Alleyn's private life began to mingle with his job—but early Marsh is better than no Marsh at all.

The detectives whose private affairs get mixed up with their detecting wouldn't satisfy the austere demands of such mystery purists as Somerset Maugham and R. Austin Freeman, but they do add a human as well as a serial interest to their doings. In "If a Body" (Morrow) George Worthing Yates has an expatriate Yard man and a Myrna Loy lady—a swank literary agent—on a cross-country honeymoon that gets all tangled up with a couple of deft murders. Bodies seem to be Mr. Yates's title trademarks, and this one figures in some sound mystery and slick Americana.

Up-to-the-minute spying crops out in "The Secret Vanguard" (Dodd, Mead) with Michael Innes' almost excessively literate Yard man tracking down high-voltage

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Reinhold Niebuhr shares with only four other distinguished Americans—William James, John Dewey, William E. Hocking and Josiah Royce—the honor of delivering the famous Gifford lectures. Out of this world-famous lectureship came such books as James's "The Varieties of Religious Experience"—and now Dr. Niebuhr's "The Nature and Destiny of Man."

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*Publication of "Human Destiny" (Vol. II) will follow within the year.

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fifth-columnists through Scotland. Only a Swinburne expert could untangle all the clues, but there's exhilarating adventure of the "Thirty-nine Steps" kind to keep the literariness from getting too flossy.

Up around Hartford, Connecticut, a blind investigator, working with the FBI in Baynard Kendrick's "The Odor of Violets" (Little, Brown), tackles spies and saboteurs on the home grounds. The style seems over-plushy at first, but once Captain Maclain and his Seeing-Eye dog get going it's like riding on a roller-coaster: fast, often jerky, and hard to get off.

With another title, and priced above the standard two dollars for a mystery, Selwyn Jepson's "Keep Murder Quiet" (Crime Club) might enjoy the high-toned success of books like "Rebecca." Its people have good fiction glamor of the touched-up romantic kind, and the young explorer, dodging Scotland Yard on one hand and an organized underworld on the other as he feels his way into how his father met death so unaccountably in a London subway, makes the kind of adventure that postpones bedtime. You may get a hunch about what's in the wind after a hundred pages, and long before the unofficial sleuth does, but you have to keep on till you're sure.

MORT. POST

A Reader's List

INTO CHINA, by Eileen Bigland (Macmillan, \$3). The author rides into China on the Burma Road, and finds high adventure along the way. Her tale is spirited, whimsical and altogether delightful. It also catches the tragic intensity of China at war, the heartbreak that lies behind the brave outward show. An understanding book, that amuses even while it uncovers the essentials.

JOURNEY TO THE WORLD'S END, by Hakon Mielche (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). The record (translated from Danish) of a knockabout traveler who spent some time getting to and looking over Tierra del Fuego and the terrible waters around Cape Horn. Literally hundreds of the author's superior margin illustrations. Amusing but cute.

GEM OF THE PRAIRIE, by Herbert Asbury (Knopf, \$3.50). The author continues his chronicle of the seamy side of American life with a fast, readable account of the

Chicago underworld from the log-cabin joints of the pioneer days to the gang wars of the Capone-Thompson period. Let's admit that Mr. Asbury repeats himself from book to book; but this gallery of pimps, prostitutes, gamblers, super-killers and abetting politicians has the fascination-pull of a police blotter. Maps and illustrations.

GOD HAS A LONG FACE, by Robert Wilder (Putnam, \$2.50). A sprawling novel about a big, bawdy fellow who never got no from a woman, never said no when at a bar and had the Midas touch to boot. The narrative spreads from Appomattox to Prohibition. In between, the hero founds a commercial dynasty in Florida and outlives his sons and grandson who lose it simply because they're not tailored to the cut of the "General." For readers who like to see several generations of a family come and go in fiction for no particular reason.

TWO TO MAKE A WIFE, by Louise Braden (Modern Age, \$2). The characters in this singular novel are a dissolute young man, his beautiful, half-Russian wife, an aunt who loves him madly and a father too inept to help matters along. Here, then, in an Iowa river town, is domesticity set on its ear by as unpleasant a bunch as you ever try not to encounter.

Contributors

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BRUCE BLIVEN's article in this issue is a condensed version of a chapter in the book, "Freedom of the Press Today," edited by Secretary Ickes, to be published this month by The Vanguard Press.

ROY TOZIER is research director of Friends of Democracy and contributes to The New Republic and other magazines.

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JOHN PEALE BISHOP is the author of two books of verse, "Minute Particulars" and "Now with His Love," and a novel, "Act of Darkness." His "Selected Poems" were published by Scribner's last month.

JANE STAFFORD was formerly on the editorial staff of Hygeia. She is now on the staff of Science Service, in Washington, writing medical news and a daily health column: "Your Health, Here's How."

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